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By Angus McDougall

LSO IN THIS ISSUE: THE BLAVATSKY ENIGMA, by Allan Angoff; NSOLVED ANIMAL MYSTERIES, by A. S. Jarman; BROADWAY'S YCHIC FOLLIES, by Sherman Yellen; DIAGNOSIS: MASS HYSTERIA.

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VOL. 8, NO. 2, SPRING 1960

POLTERGEISTS, OLD AND NEW

FROM TIME TO TIME psychic researchers, as well as the general public, have grappled with poltergeist phenomena; some recent and historic events of this type are reported in this issue. The term poltergeist, which means "noisy ghost," is sufficiently indicative of the character of the phenomena whose recent manifestations for the most part seem purposeless, and seem to reflect an openly mischievous aggressive and destructive tendency. This form of dubious entertainment—which it seems to have become, since it has attracted the attention of press and even television—is not confined to any one country, nor to any particular period.

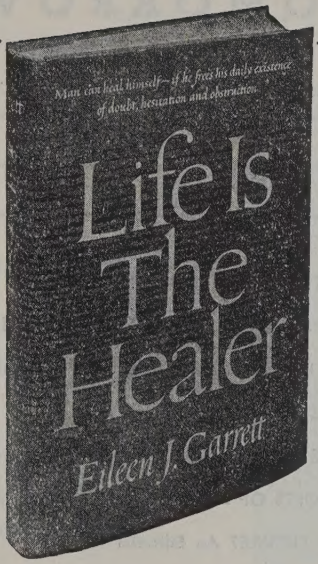
Disturbances of this type are particularly active where children or adolescents are present. Very often these individuals have been hysterical, epileptic or simply basically aggressive toward their elders and society. In earlier days such an individual was harshly dealt with by the community.

POLTERGEIST PHENOMENA have been allied to modern spiritualism. Many cases on record give the impression of a discarnate entity seeking to attract attention to some wrong that had been perpetrated during its lifetime.

The phenomena often seem to be attempts to communicate through cumbrous rappings, knockings and scratchings in the vicinity of children. I have personally dealt with such outbreaks where there was alleged wrong-doing, on the part of both the living and the dead.

The appearance of angels, devils and demons is prominent in the history of religion. Allied to poltergeist phenomena were incidents of possession, where persons became possessed by spirits.

(Continued on inside back cover)



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VOL. 8. No. 2 — SPRING, 1960

WHAT MAKES A POLTERGEIST? 7

THE BALTIMORE POLTERGEIST by Michael Never and Travis Kidd 9

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT IT HAPPENED . . ." by Jack Magarrell 16

DIAGNOSIS: MASS HYSTERIA by Merrick Winn 23

THE CASE OF THE NOISY INTRUDER by Edmond P. Gibson 28

THE VIOLENT GHOSTS OF AMHERST by Susy Smith 36

CAN WE KNOW THE FUTURE? An Editorial Report 48

I DREAMED MY GRANDFATHER'S DEATH by Nona W. Friend 61

UNSOLVED ANIMAL MYSTERIES by A. S. Jarman 65

SOUNDS OF A GHOST HORSE by Angus McDougall 73

BROADWAY'S PSYCHIC FOLLIES by Sherman Yellen 77

THE BLAVATSKY ENIGMA by Allan Angoff 87

BOOK CONDENSATION: JADOO by John Keel 97

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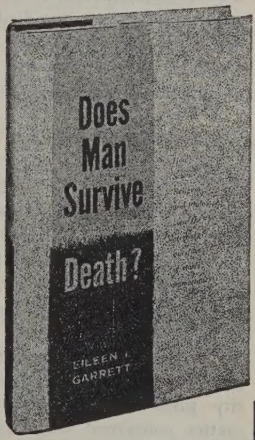

How Science, Religion and Philosophy view the eternal question of man's immortality

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JOHN KEEL, for several years, earned his living as a freelance writer, specializing in adventure articles for men's magazines. His book, *Jadoo*, which is published in condensation in this issue, contains the substance of his experiences during several years of travel in the Near and Far East.

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(*Continued on Page* 6)

nouncing the publication of

PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL MONOGRAPH NO. 2

ESP IN RELATION TO RORSCHACH TEST EVALUATION

By Gertrude Schmeidler

nder the auspices of the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., ertrude Schmeidler of The City College, New York, N. Y., has epared a scholarly monograph on current research into the lationships between personality traits and ESP scores.

he monograph covers such subjects as the hypothesis of social justment in relation to ESP scores; the hypothesis of Rorscharch ns in relation to ESP scores; Interim and Formal Analysis of ata on Social Adjustment and Signs. Included are summaries in ench, Italian and German.

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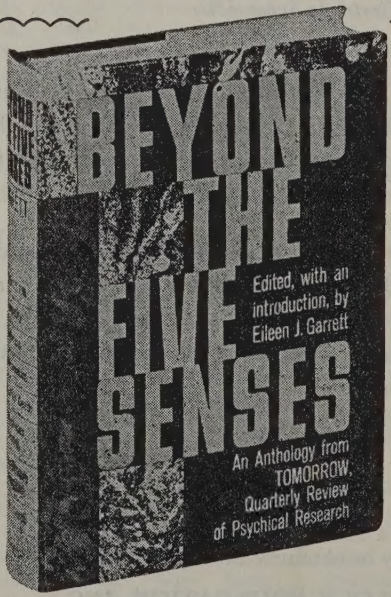
(*Continued from Page 4*)
covered the Baltimore "poltergeist" during the full period of its manifestations.

SUSY SMITH, a frequent contributor, lives in New York City. Her most recent article for TOMORROW was "The One White Crow?" (Winter, 1960). Her one-volume condensation of F. W. H. Myers' *The Human Personality and Survival of Bodily Death*, is slated for publication later this year.

SHERMAN YELLEN, Associate Editor of TOMORROW, who in this issue deals with psychic themes on the current Broadway stage, frequently writes on literary and other cultural expressions of psychic subject matter.



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WHAT MAKES A "POLTERGEIST"

ON THE following pages, the readers of TOMORROW *will find a variety of articles dealing with cases of so-called "poltergeist" activity. These narratives are presented with one aim in mind: to advance the knowledge of the human personality, as it manifests itself through such phenomena as odd noises, mysterious movements of household goods and furniture, inexplicable explosions, and similar happenings. In the majority of cases offered in this issue, the suggestion is strong that they are without paranormal cause; that neither a discarnate spirit, nor an unknown psychophysical force is involved.*

The conclusion that perhaps most "poltergeist" phenomena are somehow man-made, does not, however, solve the riddle of their existence. Even if it is true that someone in Baltimore or Iowa decided to play spook during the past few months, this does not answer the questions put in "The Case of the Noisy Intruder," by Edmond P. Gibson (page 23) or in the historical material on "The Violent Ghosts of Amherst," by Susy Smith (page 31). Man-made spookery leaves us with these questions still unanswered: Why this particular type of phenomenon? Why not something quite different, in this day of electronics and super-sonics? Why ghosts, and bumps, and fear?

Parapsychology, or psychical research, makes it its business to explore frontiers of human knowledge that are neglected by other areas of science. Psychology, sociology and anthropology are

academic categories that should be most directly concerned with events narrated on the following pages. However, while a field team of anthropologists may penetrate Central American jungles to search for testimony on paranormal events—who ever heard of an expedition to Maryland, Iowa or the British Isles that would apply psycho-anthropological research techniques to study apparent psychic events among an Anglo-Saxon urban population?

There has been a good deal of "poltergeist" activity here in the United States during the past few years (see also, "Seaford Revisited: Post-Mortem on a Poltergeist," TOMORROW, Vol. 6, No. 3, Summer 1958), but British traditions remain strong. The most widely publicized recent English case is reported in this issue under the title "Diagnosis: Mass Hysteria," by London Daily Express reporter Merrick Winn. In this British case, a twelve year old boy, Alan Hill, was the center of attention. Winn writes, "No one obeyed the first rule of investigating 'poltergeists'—to look for a troubled child. No one thought that Alan, with his sensitiveness and his nervousness, might be a sick child, needing help. . . ." As it turned out, comings and goings in the Hill household, talk of the supernatural, a colorful exorcism ceremony—all this was compounded into an atmosphere of communal hysteria, which pulled Alan into a mental whirlpool.

But the essence of the case was not simply childish mischief. Rather, Alan was acting out what everyone seemed to clamor for; he was repeating a pattern that has been chronicled as early as 858 A.D., *at the German town of Bingen on the Rhine, that exists in virtually all primitive societies which practice shamanism or witchcraft, and that repeats itself (see page* 16) *in the United States in* 1960, *in a house owned by television star Dave Garroway, on New York's Upper East Side.*

The question What Makes a Poltergeist? *is, therefore, not asked flippantly. It is a challenge to all laymen and scientists who seek to probe the primitive heritage and qualities of man's mind.*

The chandelier swung violently, pitchers and bottles crashed, a sugar bowl leaped, and an incense burner flew off the shelf

THE BALTIMORE POLTERGEIST

Michael Naver and Travis Kidd

TO any outside observer, the Edgar G. Jones family would appear as a model of a closely-knit, happy household. Lodged in a pleasant six-room brick house in a quiet residential section of Baltimore, the Joneses are three generations of a family —to all appearances, a harmonious, self-sufficient family.

Yet the observer need only have entered the house between January 14 and February 8, 1960, to discover how far from the case this was. A succession of breaking, cracking, flying and exploding objects had left the house a shambles and tightened the family's nerves to the breaking point. More eerie yet, the events had fallen generally into the classic pattern of the poltergeist, or so-called "noisy ghost" phenomena.

Edgar G. Jones, the homeowner, is a retired fireman, home for good after thirty-seven years of service in the Baltimore Fire Department. He is taciturn, almost phlegmatic, but he has fond

memories of his fire-fighting career and still keeps an especially tuned radio in the house to keep him posted on fire alarms.

His wife, a small, pert woman in her sixties, has no time for such matters. To her falls the job of running the house, keeping things running smoothly. She is efficient and almost totally preoccupied with family and household chores.

Also living in the house are the couple's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Pauls. Mrs. Pauls works in the accounting department of a large department store, and her husband drives a cab. Neither of them spends much time at home, except for sleeping.

And last, but far from least, is the Pauls' seventeen-year-old son, Ted.

Ted is a shy, brooding youngster who talks knowledgeably about being "introverted." He explains that he "cannot speak at length with people whom I have not been acquainted with for some time."

Ted has left school and does not work, so he spends most of his time at home. His family says he left school at sixteen, the legal age, because he was so brilliant that classes bored him.

So shy is he, and so few are his friends, that his major interests are solitary ones. He reads a good deal, mainly science fiction and tales of the supernatural. In addition, he is the teen-age writer and editor of a mimeographed newsletter which he issues from the basement and mails to a selected list of friends.

From January 14 to February 8, Ted Paul's shyness was put to an extreme test. He was the center of more attention from the world outside his home than ever before in his life.

Fifteen Exploding Pitchers

THE series of events, uncanny to some, merely unexplained to others, and which may become known as the "Baltimore Poltergeist Case," began on the morning of January 14, when fifteen miniature pottery pitchers blew up on a dining room shelf.

This was the first incident in what was to be a month of intermittent havoc, that left the house looking as though a holocaust had hit. In the next few days, these things happened:

A ceramic flower pot, shaped like a shoe, jumped from a shelf in the dining room and crashed

into a nearby window. But the pot itself did not break, although the window pane did.

A sugar bowl leaped about four feet in the air and deposited its contents in the candle holders of the dining room chandelier.

In other parts of the house, hanging pictures fell to the floor, and a brass incense burner flew off a bookshelf, landing six feet away.

In the kitchen, a plant jumped out of its metal holder and fell on a table. Iced tea glasses toppled off a shelf, and ash trays fell off a refrigerator to the floor.

Soda bottles exploded like a string of Chinese firecrackers.

Upstairs, some miniature pottery pieces which Mrs. Pauls had placed on her bed were smashed by some unknown force.

Most of these occurrences were in the late morning, around 11 A.M., and sometimes again in the afternoon. But, on Sunday, January 17, the "poltergeist" struck at night.

A can of corn fell off a shelf. When Mr. Jones bent over to pick it up, a can of sauerkraut fell and hit him on the head.

A small table that the family had moved from the living room to a stairway landing to avoid damage fell down the stairs.

A stack of kindling wood exploded in the basement.

On the following day, Monday, the family had a breathing spell. Hopeful that the mysterious happenings had stopped, and still without clues to what had caused them, the Joneses had barely finished cleaning and straightening the house when on Tuesday, at 11:15 A.M., the harassment returned.

The dining room chandelier swung violently, as it had before. A heavy floor lamp toppled over in the basement. An artificial Christmas tree flew several feet in the air and came down again.

Several mops fell off a wall hook in the basement and an ink bottle exploded. The same shoe-shaped flower pot that broke a window Sunday exploded this time, scattering dirt around the room. A plastic ash tray cracked into three pieces on a table. A stack of eight silver coasters flew off the dining room buffet and scattered around the room. A flower pot cracked.

The following day, Wednesday, January 20, the worst outbreak up to then fell upon the house. "We just kept running from one room to another as we heard

things breaking," Mrs. Jones recalled. "I didn't know how much more of this I could take."

The next day, Thursday, passed without incident; in fact, there were no new occurrences through the weekend. But on Monday night, January 25, the family was subjected to a nine-hour bombardment that resulted in the breaking of almost every dish in the house and drove Mrs. Jones from her house in desperation to spend the night at the home of a sister. Some of the incidents were witnessed by members of the family; others were only heard, and the results observed afterwards.

After the outbursts had finally ended at about 1 A.M., Mr. Pauls, the taxi driver, suggested in disgust to his father-in-law that they throw everything that could break or explode out the kitchen door and into the back yard.

"But," Mr. Jones, replied, "the women will raise hell if we do that." Mr. Pauls said he didn't care; he just wanted to get some sleep. So they threw all suspect furniture and knick knacks into the back yard and went to bed—in peace.

Between that night and the following Monday, February 8, there were a dozen more incidents. Then, abruptly, on February 9, the outbreaks stopped. The Joneses, after waiting anxiously a while, cleaned up their home once again and the family's life returned to normal.

Local Celebrities

WORD of the mysterious happenings at the house at 1448 Meridene Drive burst into the attention of the outside world four days after the first outbreak. From then on, the Jones house was constantly filled with newspaper reporters, photographers, and television cameramen. The phone rang incessantly, with many of the calls from cranks or religious fanatics. The Jones family almost overnight became a clan of local celebrities.

All the attention, quite naturally, produced a number of theories of what was to blame. One was that seventeen-year-old Ted Pauls was perpetrating a hoax on his family, a theory he vigorously denied. Others were that radio signals or earth tremors were responsible, or possibly high pitched sound waves.

These were the natural, logical answers. But other, less simple theories came forward, too. One

was that the events could not be explained except by the eerie poltergeist, renowned in fact and legend. Another was that diabolical power was influencing the objects to break. These were some of the theories put forward by the puzzled community; which, if any of them, was the truth may never be known.

Immediately after the outbreaks came to public notice, suspicion focused on Ted Pauls and his science fiction hobby. However, when questioned directly by outsiders, the youth was emphatic in denying he was playing a trick on his family. And his parents and grandparents backed him up.

On one occasion, for instance, Mr. Jones said the chandelier shook so violently that the retired fireman had to hold it still with his hand while Ted stood nearby.

Another time, the family maid, Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, reported she was alone in a bedroom when she saw a cardboard shoe box rise from the bed and land in a flower pot, crushing some violets. Ted was nowhere near.

The theory that radio signals or sound waves were responsible, yielded little fruit. A high-frequency receiver was brought to the house and tuned to special short wave lengths, such as those used by ham radio operators. But nothing unusual was picked up.

The city police department's crime laboratory, in response to a request from the family, examined three objects that had been broken, which included the shoe-shaped flower pot, to see if any explosive had been inserted. The examiners could find no trace of explosives in the fragments they examined.

City highway workmen brought a crude seismograph to the house and tested for tremors that might crumble pottery or send knick-knacks crashing from shelves. The seismograph recorded nothing.

A radio repair man became interested in the case and spent several days looking around the Jones home. He came up with a novel theory: that wind scudding through a nearby drainage pipe set up music-like notes, too shrill for the ear to hear but potent enough to shatter objects. After further investigation, however, he abandoned this theory. He admitted, too, he was mystified.

On the evening of January 18, the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., of New York sent Douglas

Dean, its Assistant Director of Research, to investigate the poltergeist case. Mr. Dean made frequent visits to the house over a four-day period, taking note of the evidence around him and questioning the members of the Jones family. He did not see or hear any of the outbreaks take place, nor did any other outsider, except the maid, Mrs. Taylor.

In a report to the foundation, Mr. Dean analyzed seven incidents as to possible causes. He could come to no definite conclusions, but said he could not rule out the possibility of trickery being performed. On the other hand, he admitted he had found no evidence that there actually had been trickery.

The last of the theories to be offered came from a plumber whom the Jones family called in on the night of the last outbreaks, February 8, when thirteen windows broke. The plumber looked around, and pronounced the hot air furnace as the source of trouble. He advised the family to take all storm windows out of the house and to open a dining room window slightly to equalize "pressure." This the Joneses did, and when no more incidents occured, they attributed their success in relief to the plumber's advice.

Before the incidents had stopped, however, Dr. Nandor Fodor, a New York psychoanalyst and a researcher in the history of phychic phenomena, arrived in Baltimore on January 21 to have a look for himself.

"Projected Repressions"

DR. FODOR, who has written of the poltergeist as "not a ghost—it is a bundle of projected repressions," said the case looked to him like a "typical poltergeist case."

As did others, but for different reasons, Dr. Fodor centered his attention on young Ted Pauls. Fodor explained to reporters that the boy could be an unconscious agent to influence breakage of objects by mental power. Dr. Fodor set himself to melting the youngster's barrier of reserve.

The psychologist's arrival set Baltimore newspapers and television stations on a new tack, and they interviewed him at length, reporting his views in print and over the air. Dr. Fodor decided, as he later explained in a report, to capitalize on this opportunity to test his own approach to the mysteries.

In his television shows Dr. Fodor praised young Ted's mineographed newsletter as indicative of real writing and editing ability. His words were read and his face seen on the TV screen by the avid Jones family, particularly Ted himself, and his views, naturally, were well received.

As Dr. Fodor put it in his report: "I found a therapeutic approach to the problem of the poltergeist. The boy had talent that clamored for expression. Playing the editor was the only balm for his crushed ego. It elevated him above his readers. If, then, a depressed ego was hiding behind the poltergeist rebellion, raising of his self-feelings to a higher level would stop the release of his creative energy into abnormal channels."

As for the mechanics of this "abnormal" activity, Dr. Fodor theorized that it worked by "somatic and psychic dissociation" . . . "It means that the human body is capable of releasing energy in a manner similar to atomic bombardments. . . . In the Baltimore case the force was apparently able to enter soda bottles that had not been uncapped and to burst them from within. . . . It hinted at brain activity similar to that on an electric computing machine."

Worst Outbreaks

HAVING won the confidence of the boy and having made a friend of the family, Dr. Fodor returned to New York on January 22, convinced that his work was over. Nevertheless, some of the worst outbreaks came during the following week, after his departure.

As to the family's own reaction to their harassment, observers could note a subtle change from bewilderment to resignation and then hostility as the days passed.

When they themselves could not figure out what was causing their bad luck, the Joneses welcomed the help of newspapers. Some reporters, including the authors, were sympathetic to the family's plight, and enlisted the aid of technical experts, hoping they could probe to the bottom of the mystery. Other newspaper writers, however, treated the story as a joke or sought to blame Ted Pauls for a prankster. One such story so infuriated Ted's grandfather that he declared "I'd like to pull his (the reporter's) hair out."

In addition, the family was bombarded with suggestions from the community. Some seemed promising, as mentioned, and others came from religious cranks, for whom the Joneses had no use. (One man advised them that he was lighting thirty candles in a nearby church). Finally, the incessant ringing of the telephone and the tramping through the house by strangers came to irritate the family. Towards the end of the affair, the Joneses became disenchanted even with those who had previously tried to help them.

Mr. Jones's irritation mounted at the outbreaks until he snarled at one point: "I didn't retire to put up with this foolishness."

When the incidents stopped after the plumber's visit, the family was certain he had solved the mystery. "All you smart people who thought you knew everything about it didn't help us at all," Mrs. Pauls told one newspaperman. "The plumber's the only one who did anything for us."

But was it the plumber's advice that stopped the shattering occurrences? Or did they stop for some reason that no one will ever know, including the Jones family? And have they even stopped for good?

Dave Garroway's Poltergeist

Dave Garroway, host of NBC's television show "Today," believes that ghosts create poltergeist phenomena in his six story house on 63rd Street, on New York's Upper East Side. He mentioned the matter to Dr. Nandor Fodor, author of *The Haunted Mind* (New York, 1960), stating that the building used to belong to a sister of Rudyard Kipling and to her husband, a doctor.

Garroway told the *New York Post* (March 20, 1959): "I don't like it, because I don't understand it. It could be dangerous. Maybe next week they'll start a fire and there are three kids in the house. . . ." The children are David, two years old; Michael, 11, a son of Garroway's wife Pamela from a previous marriage; and Paris, 15, Garroway's daughter from his first marriage.

he year: 1960; the place: Guttenberg, Iowa; the conclusions: ossible psychic events, but probably "the work of a mortal"

'I DON'T BELIEVE IT, BUT IT HAPPENED . . . "

Jack Magarrell

A TOUGH, 265-pound ship's pilot, a scarred veteran of aterfront brawls, was all set to rove that the Guttenberg polter-ist was "a bunch of malarkey." He changed his mind after it rew him out of bed.

"I'm a first-rate pilot; I'm no ackpot," said Pat Livingston, 3-year-old skipper of a Socony-Iobil Oil Co. tanker on the reat Lakes. "I don't believe it, ut it happened."

Reports of mysterious disturb-nces in a rambling old Iowa farmhouse attracted the attention not only of local authorities, the press and curious crowds, but of serious investigators from Northwestern University, State University of Iowa and Upper Iowa University.

Translation of the term "poltergeist" into "noisy ghost" was unnecessary in this northwest Iowa hill country. Like the term itself, many of the people, including the owners of the disturbed house, are of German origin. The disturbances them-

selves were not so easily translated into human terms.

This was not a case of mere window rattlings or attic creakings. This ghost, if it was a ghost, was a husky fellow—overturning a davenport, knocking over a refrigerator, tumbling that 265-pound man out of bed, in addition to smaller demonstrations.

The scene of this strenuous spooking was a northeast Iowa farm near the Mississippi river town of Guttenberg, at the end of a dead-end lane off Skip Level Road.

The two-story frame farmhouse, about 65 years old, is pocketed in a narrow creek valley. The hillsides rise abruptly behind the house. Stark outcroppings of sandstone punctuate the wooded, boulder-strewn terrain.

The house is owned, but no longer occupied, by Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer. The elderly couple—he's 83, she's 77—moved last December 17th to a brother's home in Guttenberg.

"You'd have moved, too, the way things were flying around," the old man said. "And I won't go back, We've got stuff out there, but I won't go get it."

"It would frighten anybody," added Mrs. Meyer.

Blanket of Dust

IT STARTED last Thanksgiving Day. William Meyer, bedridden since July with a broke hip, his wife and their 16-year old grandson, Gene Meyer, discovered that a blanket of soot o dust had fallen from ceilings o walls although no holes or crack existed for dust to seep through

Gene's father, Elmer, 53, came over from his house a few hundred yards away and placed an egg on a lamp chimney to test for vibration. The egg did no jiggle; the family claims it somehow flew across the room and smashed against a door.

Another time, Mrs. Meyer reported, a glass of water flew from a night-stand, landed on her head, shattering the glass and dousing her.

As news of the strange happenings spread, curiosity grew and suggested explanations multiplied For a time, even the Meyers' two cats came under suspicion.

"They couldn't upset a refrigerator," Mrs. Meyer snapped. "It'd take two men just to lift it."

A glass bottle crashed to the floor on New Year's Day while Clayton County Sheriff Forrest M. Fischer, accompanied by sev-

al reporters, was investigating e house. Elmer Meyer said one porter saw it rise from a box. he reporters accused each other dropping the bottle, but none ould admit it. Television cam-amen reported that on two parate days films of the farm-use were found to be complete-blank after they had been de-loped.

Sheriff Fischer observed, "I'm tisfied in my own mind that is is all so much hokus pokus," t he joined in disparaging me of the suggested explana-ons.

Shifting land under the home's ndstone foundation, it was ggested, might be causing the ouble. Sheriff Fischer said any ift strong enough to dump a frigerator over surely would mage the house itself and no ch damage was evident.

The sheriff said someone had inted out that the water table as at its highest level since 1954. erhaps, then, a new spring was ying to erupt under the house. ut could it toss a 265-pound an out of bed?

This man, ship's pilot Pat Liv-gston, whose home is in Gut-nberg, came to the Meyer home e night of January 6.

"I went down there to disprove everything," Livingston said. "I had made my mind up it was a bunch of malarkey."

Livingston said he lay down in one of the bedrooms about 9 or 10 o'clock while some companions went into the kitchen. First the chair near the bed moved.

"The thing bobbled across the floor about eight feet and tipped over," he said. "I thought maybe some of the other people had tied a string on it and pulled it away, but they denied it."

So Livingston lay down again on the bed.

"The next thing I knew I was lying on the floor," he said. "I'll take a lie detector test or anything. I woke up kind of groggy. I wouldn't have believed it for love or money."

Young Gene Meyer, who was with the group that night, said Livingston was on the bed only a few seconds before the others heard a loud crash as the hefty pilot was thrown to the floor.

"Pat was going to make a big joke out of it," the Meyer boy said, "but he was the most surprised man I've ever seen."

Livingston insisted that nothing human moved him and the mattress off the bed. None of

those present was big enough to do it, he said. There was also the factor of Livingston's rough-and-tumble reflexes.

"When anyone grabs me, I grab back," he said. Only a quick look at this human bulldozer was necessary to convince a man of the complete folly of exchanging grabs with him.

"I haven't the intellect to explain it—and I still don't believe it—but it happened," said Livingston. "Let somebody else disprove it and I'll go along with him."

Curious Crowds

DURING the weekend following the spectacular report of Livingston—the would-be debunker, who was himself literally debunked—curiosity seekers became a serious problem.

The night of Friday, January 8, approximately 150 curiosity seekers from nearby towns roamed the grounds of the Meyer home. A back porch stud was torn loose and one of the "ghost hunters" poked out a kitchen window so he and his companions could get a better view. Some of the men used a ladder to reach the roof while others tried to batter their way through a basement door. They disperse when Sheriff Fischer was calle

The following day authoritie erected a road-block on the dead end road to keep the crowds c the curious away. Despite thes efforts, sight-seers from Iowa, Il linois and Wisconsin continue to stream into the area.

The Friday night crowd try ing to enter the house was kep out of the building by eleve students and two professors.

Through Friday night (afte the outside clamor subsided) and Saturday, the students applie themselves to their investigations. Phillip Lorenz, assistant professor of physics at Upper Iowa University, a private college at Fayette, and Charles Jones, assistant professor of chemistry at Upper Iowa, and six Upper Iowa students majoring in physics conducted a fifteen-hour study.

Equipped with geiger counters, oscilloscopes, an ionization chamber, and an electrometer, the Upper Iowa group took readings every 15 minutes. Five students from the State University of Iowa collected data for sociological and psychological studies.

Professor Lorenz reported that none of the instrument readings indicated abnormal conditions.

About 15 newsmen also were the house that Friday night. me of them took turns lying on bed which had been so inspitable to Livingston two hts before. Nothing happened ile the newsmen were there.

There were suggestions that nily difficulties might be at the t of the disturbances. Young ne Meyer said his mother, s. Elmer Meyer, and his ndmother "haven't talked to- her for years." Gene's mother, wever, said she "gets along y well" with the elder Mrs. eyer.

Elmer Meyer pointed out that one claimed to have seen any the supernatural acts. "They ways happen just as soon as u'd turn your back," he said. thought at first that no human nds had anything to do with s, but I've changed my mind." Elmer thus was leaning in the ection indicated later by instigations of two Northwestern iversity researchers.

ychological Investigators

TANLEY KRIPPNER and Arthur Hastings arrived at e Meyer home January 10. ippner is a graduate assistant Northwestern University's Psycho-Educational Clinic and an associate member of the Parapsychological Association. Hastings is an assistant in the University's school of speech. Both are conducting doctoral research at Northwestern.

Krippner and Hastings examined the site, interviewed members of the Meyer family and analyzed the available data.

About the ship's pilot's experience, Krippner and Hastings noted that Livingston had had a few beers and suggested: "He could have stumbled out of bed and let his imagination get the better of him. Or he could have stumbled out of bed and told the story to 'save face' and add some general excitement to the proceedings."

In the instance of the bobbling chair, the investigators ventured a guess that "the spirits were probably inside Pat Livingston rather than inside the chair."

Livingston stoutly maintained that he was quite sober at the time he went into the bedroom. After he had been tumbled out of the bed by an unknown force, he downed several drinks with nervous deliberateness, he admitted.

Krippner and Hastings accept-

ed the evidence of the earlier professors and students, ruling out geological causes of the disturbances. They also disposed of the hoax theory that the Meyer family made up the stories to gain attention. The attention had, after all, resulted in deposing the elder Mr. and Mrs. Meyer from the lifetime home in which they had planned to live out their years. It had also subjected the house to considerable physical damage.

Most plausible, to Krippner and Hastings, were the theories that someone inside or outside the family was playing jokes or that the events were caused by the paranormal power of a living person in the area.

In the light of the evidence and investigations of similar situations, they said, the existence of a genuine poltergeist seemed least plausible in the Meyer case.

"The only psychic explanation that deserves passing consideration," they said, "is the hypothesis that somebody in the area possesses a paranormal power over objects which they are consciously or unconsciously using."

Krippner and Hastings suggested that if some human beings actually have a psychokinetic power to mentally influence ph sical events, this could provide unconscious outlet for the su pressed hostility toward parer which is not uncommon amo adolescent boys.

"The high percentage of adol scents in poltergeist situatio might be explained in terms teenage pranks," the Krippne Hastings report said. "But the is at least the possibility th some of these pranks—whic seem explainable in no other wa —may be the result of psych kinetic influence on househol objects and parental possessions.

"Psychic Ability?"

IN THE Guttenberg case, 16 year-old Gene Meyer wa given restrictive responsibilitie when his grandfather broke hi hip, the investigators noted. Gen had to help with chores aroun his grandparents' house an spend considerable time there The investigators stated tha Gene had been in the area a the time of each disturbance.

"Slim though the possibilit may be," their report said, "le us for a moment suppose tha Gene does possess psychic ability that he was hostile toward hav ing to wait on his grandparents

at he could not express his aggressions openly.

"If he wanted to end his role a houseboy and if he wanted outlet for the rebellious feelgs within him, an unconscious rge of psychic force could have used strange noises, tipped over e refrigerator and sent his andparents scurrying into town.

"The data, in fact, call for a eory allowing for motivation of e events. This is one of the tstanding conclusions we may ake from the investigation. The sturbances show every sign of lling into a pattern, of being anned and carried out by an telligent, purposive will . . . lculated to scare the Meyers.

"Those events which are not sily explainable by premeditted intervention of a human gent (such as Gene Meyer) may assigned to a few other causes: expectation and psychological set (as in the case of Livingston falling out of bed); misinterpretation of natural mishaps (as the television films which developed blank); and impulse behavior on the part of human agents (as the bottle which broke in the sheriff's presence)."

The Krippner-Hastings report concludes:

"The Guttenberg disturbances, therefore, may be accounted for by a combination of natural causes. Some are easily explainable, some are not. These latter events we may never understand completely. And although we cannot rule out the possibility of psychic causes, the preponderance of evidence strongly suggests that most of the spoors of the Guttenberg 'ghost' are merely the work of a mortal in disguise."

Landlord vs. Ghost

Press dispatches from Cairo, reported last April 10 that an gyptian landlord, Abdel Rahman El-Badry, had made a formal mplaint against the ghost of a woman who, he claims, is haunting is apartment building. He was quoted as saying, "It's the ghost of woman burned alive, and I want protection from the authorities."

Tenants of the building confirmed his complaint; they said that ey would move out of the apartment house, unless the strange noises eard at night would stop. According to the press dispatches, the airo Investigation Office opened an inquiry into the ghostly activities.

The whole neighborhood was thrilled by the thumps and rap while a young boy's mental health was seriously endangere

DIAGNOSIS: MASS HYSTERIA

Merrick Winn

AROUND midnight on Sunday, March 6, two doctors went to a terrace house in Salford, Lancs, England and took a small boy to a hospital. Now certain people should feel ashamed, and some should feel disgraced, because of their superstition, ignorance and busybody tampering which for nearly three months kept this boy from medical help. And made him worse.

The boy is Alan Hill, aged twelve, who lives with his parents and his grandmother, and a budgerigar at No. 24, Tullystreet where for these three months there were bumping and rapping in the night.

They were caused, according to the credulous people, by a poltergeist or "restless spirit." Most of them enjoyed their belief.

Typical Story

I AM telling Alan's story, after investigating it for three weeks, because it is typical of other poltergeist stories which regularly make news and because

he truth now may help expose much medieval and near-evil nonsense.

The story begins at Christmas when Mr. Jack Hill, machinist in his forties, and his wife Olive, thirty-eight, heard very loud noises, particularly the noise of a bouncing ball, coming from upstairs.

I heard this "bouncing ball." So did two doctors. It was like a heavy ball bouncing hard, then fading. It has occurred in other "poltergeist" cases and has never until now, been explained.

The noises occurred most nights between 11 P.M. (Alan's bedtime) and 1 A.M. Neighbours heard them, and even people across the street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill were sleepless, distressed, and bewildered. They did not suspect Alan. True the noises stopped when they rushed up to his room, but he always seemed asleep.

Then three groups of people came to help in their curious ways. The officials, the clergy, the psychical researchers. They all had one thing in common: good intentions.

First the officials. The police, the gas men, the water board men, the town hall people, two head masters, and a school inspector. They found nothing and went away.

Some were content just to be puzzled, claiming "open minds." They talked of "a body of knowledge we do not yet understand." Others could not bear to be puzzled and preferred the supernatural. This, somehow, was more reassuring.

No one obeyed the first rule in investigating "poltergeists" — to look for a troubled child. No one thought that Alan, with his sensitiveness and his nervousness, might be a sick boy, needing help.

Then the Rev. Edward Diamon, thirty-three, rector of St. James's, of Salford, announced through the B.B.C. that he believed the noises were made by a "restless spirit." And at around 11 P.M. on Monday, February 22, he and the Rev. Frederick Osborn, of St. Clement's, Manchester, arrived with cassocks and crucifixes and prayer books and faith to exorcise this "spirit."

The exorcism was thorough and awesome, but not a success, even though the priests advised with earthly insight that Alan should not be left alone. The noises went on (but only when, unavoidably, Alan was alone.)

These gentle men now have to face that although they tried, in their way, to help this family, their ancient faith served only to make a sick boy more afraid.

Members of the Manchester Society for Psychical Research also tried to help, sincerely, in their way. But their sincerity was, in my view, dangerous; as sincerity sometimes is.

I first met Mr. David Cohen, the society's investigation officer, on the night of the exorcism service though he had already been interesting himself in the affair for some time.

Mr. Cohen, forty-five-year-old bachelor, is not typical of psychical researchers. The first step in a serious investigation would have been to make sure Alan could not make the noises himself. Mr. Cohen did not take this step, nor did anyone else.

Incredibly, no one ever had Alan provably in full view while the noises went on. Yet everyone agreed "it couldn't possibly be Alan.

Mr. Cohen based his investigation on, for me, unbelievable beliefs which so far as I understood him went something like this:

A "spirit" or an "intelligence" on the "other side" was using Alan as a medium to get messages to Mrs. Freda Roberts (who lives next door).

This "spirit" was "Teddy Robert's," Mrs. Robert's father-in-law, who died four years ago, and Mr. Cohen, in order to receive the messages, had "educated" it in a tapping code. A—one tap; B—two taps; Z—26 taps.

"There's no danger," Mr. Cohen assured me and everyone, "because the spirit entity will leave Alan alone once it has given its final message—the important one."

Neurotic Excitement

THE "spirit" had already, during February, delivered some messages. It said Sheffield Wednesday would win the Cup. It said it didn't want any exorcism. It gave simple messages in bad German (which Alan is learning at school).

I asked Mr. Cohen how the tappings were produced if not by Alan and he suggested an "ectoplasmic rod" which, he said, is an "energy" protected from the body to some distant point.

One of the more macabre aspects of this wwhole affair was the neurotic excitement, the dis-

eased delight, shown by many of the people concerned with it. Yet not all of them were unintelligent.

At this point my colleague, Raymond Hawkey, and I had heard enough and seen enough to call a doctor. We were afraid for the boy. The doctor came and was afraid for him, too, and arranged for him to be seen at a local hospital. Even then Mr. Cohen, not boasting but believing, said: "I've had 20 years' experience of this type of case, and I should know more than the doctors."

On February 29, the doctor asked Mr. Cohen to promise not to visit Alan for a week during the preliminary medical investigation. Mr. Cohen promised, and he gave me the same promise.

But on the night of March 1 the doctor visited Alan and found Mr. Cohen, with other psychical researchers, in full session, taking messages from "Teddy Roberts." The doctor and the hospital consultant withdrew from the case. They felt, rightly, that Mr. and Mrs. Hill had to choose between them and Mr. Cohen.

Raymond Hawkey and I heard about this and returned to Tullystreet on Sunday, March 6, to find the situation greatly worsened. The mass hysteria, for long bad enough, was now dangerous.

One of the neighbours told me she had seen walking footprints on the carpet with no one there. Mrs. Hill said she had seen spoons flying and Alan said he had floated up to the ceiling.

Mrs. Hill believed this because, she said, she saw him floating up to the ceiling and had only just managed to haul him down.

The noises stopped suddenly, after one wild night when the eager crowd in the living room—neighbours, researchers and all—heard among other things the noise of heavy furniture being dragged about.

But now worse was happening. Alan was going into trance-like states several times a day—in full view of everyone—and his parents and the neighbours took this to mean he was en route for the ceiling. So they were frightened and they struggled to hold him down and threw cold water in his face. And when they did this he got violent.

Trance Photograph

HAWKEY and I watched one of these trances. It lasted half an hour and we saw Alan,

with extraordinary strength, drag furniture we could drag only with effort. So this accounted for one aspect of the "poltergeist."

We had this trance photographed to prove at last Alan was responsible for the noises and was desperately needing medical care. And we gave the photographs to the doctors to help diagnosis.

Later this same evening of March 6, Mr. Cohen came because, since the trances, only he could get Alan to sleep. He had developed a friendship with the boy and he meant it kindly. But his friendship was bad for Alan.

Something had to be done quickly. Hawkey and I urged Mr. and Mrs. Hill to send Mr. Cohen away and call back the doctors. Mr. Cohen went and I think he was relieved to go (after asking Mrs. Hill to write a letter expressing gratitude for all he had done). By midnight Alan was in a hospital.

What is wrong with him? This intelligent boy, who for nearly three months was stuffed with terrifying nonsense, is emotionally sick and needs expert medical treatment.

And a doctor told me: "His experiences since Christmas have quite definitely made him worse."

Since he has been in a hospital he has admitted making the noises and he says he did it chiefly by banging a loose floorboard with the bouncy side of his outstretched hand.

Regret and Pity

ALAN was aware of it all, in a shadowy way, as a person hypnotized is aware. He tapped out the messages, in the code taught him by Mr. Cohen, again in this trance-like state.

So this is the "Salford poltergeist" which would probably have gone down in psychical research history as a "classic case." Almost the only people who came out well are Alan, and his parents who trusted those they believed must know better than they.

For most of these people now there will be only disappointment. They are cheated of their eager beliefs. No spirits, no messages, no ectoplasm.

Many will say: "It was only a sick child." They will say it, not with pity but with anger, and possibly no remorse at all.

But for a few there will be real regret, and pity. Perhaps they may be pitied too. And forgiven.

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the book flew out of its rack it struck the baby carriage; is was extraordinary, for no human being was anywhere around

THE CASE OF THE NOISY INTRUDER

Edmond P. Gibson

MYSTERIOUS rappings and moving objects, part of psychic tradition, continue to occur our own time. Recent poltergeist phenomena in various parts the United States, narrated in ther articles in this issue of TOMORROW, give current evidence. nother incident, strangely resembling an experience of our wn, took place at Amherst, ova Scotia, during the latter art of the nineteenth century See: "The Violent Ghost of mherst," pp. 37).

The occurrences I am about to report are unusual in that they did not come about spontaneously, but were nevertheless far from sought-after. As it happened, home experiments in extrasensory perception managed to get out of hand in a rather unique and frightening manner.

The incidents took place in 1934, in our home at Grand Rapids, Michigan. They involved my wife and several friends, who were experimenting with a method for testing telepathy, which

had been described in an article by E. E. Free in the *Scientific American* of March, 1933.

The method suggested by Free offered a quantitative test which could be evaluated statistically. According to his technique, the telepathic sender, or agent, shook a single die in an opaque dice cup, concentrating upon the exposed face. The recipient attempted to guess which face was up. Two sets of records were kept: that of the sender, and that of the receiver. These were compared and tabulated later. We discovered that Mrs. Gibson and two of our friends were achieving averages in excess of chance.

One of our promising dice-guessing subjects was a friend whom I shall call Robert Larsen, a university student who experimented with us on weekends and during his vacation. He was as interested in the telepathic inquiry as we were. In some experiments we tried an Ouija board, to see if automatism might increase the result. We reduced the lighting in the room, to see whether telepathy averages would be affected. We discovered that when the Ouija board came into the experimental picture with certain percipients, occasional communications claiming to be from unknown personalities would then emerge. Our experiment would be ignored by these personalities who wanted to communicate by writing.

In this manner, several of our experiments with telepathy were sabotaged by cryptic communications, which sometimes showed extra-sensory powers of their own. They were especially good whenever Bob was operating the Ouija board in combination with another sitter.

Thumps from the Floor

AT 10 P.M., of May 9, 1934 we started experimenting, using the board as it lay on the dining room table between Bob and Mrs. Gibson. We reduced illumination to a single 50 watt ruby photographic bulb, hung overhead. At the table were also Miss Margaret Nelson (which is not her real name) and I. Soon after the planchette began to move, loud pounding seemed to come from the table-top and from the floor. The "knocker" was noting certain letters, as the pointer swept over the alphabet. Changing the method, we moved the pointer slowly over the whole alphabet. The "Knocker" pounded

we passed certain letters. These spelled out a message which we recorded.

The alleged discarnate communicator claimed to be from Western Brazil. After some time the pounding grew louder, disregarding what we were doing. It sounded beneath each of the four sitters at request, and then wandered over the room. Our dog, Tag, nervous and uneasy, scratched the floor and demanded to get out. I let him out. He refused to come in again when called. He sat on the front porch, in the light from a street lamp.

After we sat down again, the thumps changed to muffled thumps, as though the floor were being struck from below by a heavy padded maul or sledge. Blows shook the whole floor. Next, the "knocker" struck the floor in a slow rhythm which built up to a crescendo. The room, and its floor and walls shook and vibrated. Part of the time I lay on the floor below the table to see if anyone's feet contributed to the phenomenon.

We put our feet on the rungs of the chairs, out of contact with the floor. The pounding continued. Floor, table and chairs were shaking with great force! We put Bob's feet on pillows. The shaking built up with greater violence!

I was afraid that the house might be damaged and asked that the vibration cease. This had no effect. I turned on all the lights in the dining room. The pounding and shaking slowly diminished and ceased after fifteen or twenty seconds of bright light. The phenomenon continued in light of a possible intensity of 20 or 30 foot candles. I examined the cellar, the outside access to which was locked, and found no one.

"Tahmonat"

BOB thereupon tried automatic writing, and the communication of the "knocker", who called himself "Tahmonat," continued in the automatism. Bob became facetious toward the personality and received this message:

"Fool you are, now but a mortal! I am greater, I can shake the floor from under you!"

Suddenly the muscles on Bob's forearm stood out, as a severe cramp struck his right arm and hand. He dropped his pencil, seized the arm which was giving him much pain, and rushed into the kitchen. He exposed his arm

and hand to cold water from the tap for several minutes before the pain subsided. Bob then wanted to stop and our session broke up at 1 A.M.

On June 27, we tried the experiment, as Bob was in town again. We got the same group together and used the ruby light overhead. I had weighed the circular oak dining table and found that it weighed 147 pounds. Its diameter was fifty-four inches. It had four feet, radiating from a heavy pedestal.

Soon the table raised itself, until it pivoted upon one foot and caster. It then swung to left and right and moved laterally along the floor, bouncing on one caster. Bob and his chair, his feet upon the bottom rung ten inches from the floor, hitched and slid sideways along the floor about thirty inches. This performance was repeated. The light gave a good view as he moved out of the table's shadow.

Adjacent to us lived a family of Greek extraction who knew nothing of our experiments. They were unknown to Bob. Feeling that we might be victims of mass hallucination and noticing that they were up (it was about 1 A.M.,) I went over and asked them if they would care to ta part in an experiment. Mr. a Mrs. James Papageorgou retu ed with me. On their arrival, t board welcomed them by kno ing "Good Luck Greece." It th mentioned Ossa and Pelion. M Papageorgou exclaimed: "H astonishing! My home was b tween those mountains!" Th witnessed the rappings, poun ings, and liftings, saw the Ouij pointer movements responded by the thumpings in the floo table, and walls. The phenome on continued until 2:15 A.M.

On July 10, the family ha gone to Lake Michigan. I wa keeping house alone. Early in th evening, Bob, Vivian Carter, an I had planned to go swimmin nearby. On reaching Vivian' house, we found that her mothe had fallen, breaking her arm. W stayed at the house until the doc tor came, and then left. Vivia remained with her mother. As i was too late to go swimming, Bob and I drove back to the house On arriving, we met a friend o his, Louise Kerk. She joined u and we invited her in, explaining that we wanted to make an ex periment.

It was 10 P.M. when we finally started our dice-guessing. Bob

was the percipient and Louise was the sender. The results were most promising. At 11 P.M., Bob, Louise, and I sat on one side of the table, leaving the ruby light burning overhead and the Ouija board and pointer in the center. Louise sat between us, and we held hands, but Bob's right and my left hand were free.

Bob took notes. I pushed the planchette over the Ouija board alphabet with my left hand. Raps came from the underside of the table-top and the floor, indicating the desired letter. Communications followed, which were recorded in part. The physical phenomena were our main facus of attention.

The raps sounded differently from any we could produce with our feet. They were heavier and more muffled. (In the early sitting I had put Bob's feet on a thick pillow. Then I put one hand across his feet and the other beneath the pillow, while I laid on the floor. I felt strong thuds coming from the floor and what seemed to be an electrical pulsation, without foot movement, coming from his feet. The raps came from below the floor.)

In the present sitting we sat on the west side of the table. I was at Louise's left. Bob was on her right. The table raised and lowered repeatedly, with or without our hands on its top. We turned off the ruby light overhead. The shades were up on the window and door behind us, and some light entered the room from the arch into the living room. In the living room, the shades were up. Light shone in from a nearby street lamp. The light was not bright, nor was it lacking.

I could see Bob's face and Louise's profile against the light. We still held her hands. No one moved. Suddenly there was a hissing explosion over her head. It sounded as if a toy balloon had burst. A book flew out of the hanging book rack behind her and struck the baby carriage behind Bob. Shortly after, a second book left the case in a similar fashion. There was the same hissing explosion. This book flew over Louise's head, across the room. We did not hear it land. It seemed to have disappeared.

Louise began to cry. I turned on the ruby light and then the white lamps which were in the fixture. Louise had had enough! She refused to let us begin again. The experiment was stopped. It was almost 3 A.M. The book

which had left the case at the second explosion was not found immediately. It was a copy of Poe's *Tales*. . . .

Two weeks later we noticed it lying across the top of other books in the case on the opposite wall. It had been kept in the hanging case on the west wall, and there was an empty space there at the close of the session where the two books had been.

No Conscious Method

WE had stopped this experiment on several occasions, meanwhile turning on the lights.

Later I tried to duplicate the book-throwing by means of a string, sitting where Bob had sat. (The phenomena had never occurred except in his presence.) I could not make a book fly across the room, nor could I throw one to the carriage. I battered up several old books in the attempt. I did succeed in dropping books on to the table and deposited several on the chair where Louise had been sitting. Such activity would have struck her in the back of the neck or head, but would not have produced the transit we witnessed. There was no explosive sound caused by the string-propelled book.

Later that summer, I tried to locate Bob and renew the experiments. He was out of the city. I tried to duplicate the table levitation by raising the table with toes and knees. The phenomena we had witnessed could not be duplicated, nor could the heavy table be held up, without extreme fatigue.

I could discover no method by which the heavy floor-pounding, wall-thumping, and floor vibration could be produced. Even if ten per cent of the phenomena we had witnessed could be produced normally with the existing precautions, I could not account for the remainder. The messages were quite unusual, but within the scope of the unconscious mind. Could the unconscious account for the phenomena and the behavior of "Tahmonat"? I do not know.

Bob returned to Grand Rapids in mid-September. We tried to repeat the experiments of July, but little occurred. We heard some feeble raps, which could have been made by anyone. The table did not rise. The results were a total failure.

Later our experiments in extrasensory perception were resumed with some success. Occasionally

e tried the Ouija with variable sults. There was no reappear- ce of "Tahmonat." There was recurrence of the physical phe- mena, which had threatened e structure of the house. With e departure of Bob, the dog came a peaceful occupant, not frightened dweller on our rch!

miliar Pattern

OOKING back, the events that startled us more than a arter of a century ago, seem fit into a pattern that is fami- r to psychic researchers. Levi- tion was the subject of a book, w rare, by an early British ychic investigator, Edward W. ox, Sergeant-at-Law and a riter on spiritualistic subjects. his work *What Am I?* (Lon- n, 1873), he describes an in- dent of levitation which occur- d when he was alone with the mous British psychic, the Rev. illiam Stainton Moses.

Cox writes how, on a Tuesday, e Rev. Moses came to his home "dress for a dinner party to hich we were invited." Noting at Moses had "previously ex- ibited considerable power as a sychic," the author continues is account as follows:

"Having half an hour to spare, we went into the dining-room. It was just six o'clock, and of course broad daylight. I was opening letters; he was reading the *Times*. My dining table is of mahogany, very heavy, old fashioned, six feet wide, nine feet long. It stands on a Turkey carpet, which much increases the difficulty of moving it. A subsequent trial showed that the united efforts of two strong men standing were necessary to move it an inch. There was no cloth upon it and the light fell full under it. No person was in the room but my friend and myself.

"Suddenly as we were sitting thus, frequent and loud rappings came upon the table. My friend was then sitting holding the newspaper with both hands, one arm resting upon the table, the other on the back of the chair, and turned sideways from the table, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but at the side of it. Presently the solid table quivered as if with an ague fit. Then it swayed to and fro so violently as almost to dislocate the big pillar-like legs, of which there are eight. Then it moved forward about three inches. I looked under it to be sure that it

was not touched; but it still moved, and still the blows were loud upon it. . . .

"I then suggested that it would be an invaluable opportunity, with so great a power in action, to make trial of *motion without contact*. . . . Accordingly we stood upright, he on one side of the table, I on the other side of it. We stood two feet from it, and held our hands eight inches above it. In one minute it rocked violently. Then it moved over the carpet a distance of seven inches. Then it rose three inches from the floor on the side on which my friend was standing. Then it rose equally on my side. Finally my friend held his hands four inches over the end of the table and asked that it would rise and touch his hand three times. It did so. . . ."

Stainton Moses describes a similar occurrence in his book *Researches in Spiritualism* as follows:

"Another singular instance occurred during a visit that I made to a gentleman interested in this subject. After some conversation, it was suggested that we should try the effect of placing our hands on a pillar work-table belonging to his wife. . . . It danced about like a live thing: executed a series of gyrations, first on one foot and then on another; and finally lay down on the floor and jerked all its contents about the room. . . ."

What is the source of the energy which produces these strange events, historic and contemporary? Perhaps some energy is converted from the group of investigators, possibly by changing bodily heat into kinetic force. When our own phenomena occurred, the evenings were very warm. It seems possible that latent heat may have somehow been converted into supplementary kinetic energy. I have no idea how such conversions may be made. I was not aware of "cold spots," although I did experience spots of cold during sittings in which physical phenomena of minor nature were produced, with other experimenters.

Granted some means of converting heat into kinetic force, then heat plus considerable intelligence would seem to be the most likely source for the phenomena. The phenomena were directed by an intelligence which was in direct touch with us. Was it part of us? This poses the most difficult problem of all.

odern outbreaks of poltergeist action are modest and meager hen compared with this historic event in Northeastern Canada

THE VIOLENT GHOSTS OF AMHERST

Susy Smith

IGHTED MATCHES floated slowly from ceiling to floor; a ettle of boiling water and a fry-g pan with a medium-rare eak in it, moved from the stove o the back door stoop; a dinner ork escaped from its drawer and it the Clerk of the County Court n the back of his head. These dd happenings sound familiar o anyone who has heard about ontemporary poltergeist events t Seaford, Long Island, in 1958, t Baltimore or in Guttenberg, owa, in recent months.

Actually, these events date back to 1879, and took place at Amherst, Nova Scotia, Canada. Although these happenings themselves show great similarity, there is a striking difference between the manner in which the Amherst phenomena were received, and the interpretation which poltergeist events experience today. In our electronics-minded and missile-oriented age, rappings, flying furniture and mysterious fires are quickly attributed to some chemical-physical means. In the good

old days of Amherst, all this was strictly a matter of prankish, violent ghosts, and no two ways about it.

But even at the end of the last century, ghostly doings aroused doubt and scorn. However, nineteen-year-old Esther Cox, object of the Amherst persecution, said she could see the ghosts who were tormenting her. After an unusual instance like the following, those around her were inclined to go along with her theory:

One day Esther told her married sister, Olive Teed, that the ghost named Maggie Fisher was wearing her black and white striped stockings.

"Take off my stockings this very instant, you naughty ghost," she said. And immediately the black and white stockings dropped from the air in the middle of the room to the floor—with no one anywhere near them. No one in the flesh, that is. Olive Teed and a boarder named Walter Hubbell were just innocent bystanders, but they saw the stockings materialize ——and they believed in ghosts after that.

Walter Hubbell later wrote a book about Esther Cox's experiences, calling it *The Great Amherst Mystery: A True Narrative of the Supernatural.* He was a well-known actor of his day, descended from a respected American family dating back to the Revolutionary War. When his troupe had played in Amherst and he heard about the curious haunting of this girl, he had decided to return after his Nova Scotia tour was completed and try to capitalize on her notoriety. He had planned to exhibit her in theatres as the greatest wonder of the Nineteenth Century, hoping that the poltergeist activity would continue while she was on stage and he was lecturing about her. At that time he was certain that her claims were a fake, and he intended to make the most of it financially before others learned "how she did it."

Hubbell felt himself to be particularly competent to investigate a haunting because he had no belief in spirits and had already debunked several well-known "mediums." As an actor he felt he had had ample experience as he put it, with "all those mechanical devices which we use upon the stage, for the presentation of illusive effects so often the wonder and admiration of the public. Possessing this knowledge, gained by years of experience,

nd being familiar with the ıethods and paraphernalia used y the magicians in their exhibi- on of legerdemain, I am, be- ond doubt, competent to judge hether there was or was not eception of such kind in the ouse where I beheld such won- ers."

"Truth," he writes without o much originality, "is often ranger than fiction. What I ave written is the truth, and ot fiction, and it is *very strange*. have not permitted my imagi- ation to so embellish the ac- unt as to distort it, nor in any ay endeavored to make it at- active at the expense of verac- y."

ixteen Signatures

DESPITE these protestations, one feels inclined to doubt hat seem to be his wilder flights f fantasy. Yet, a signed and no- arized letter is appended to the xt, in which Olive Teed states hat what he has said "is all ue." An additional document, otarized and signed by sixteen ownspeople, states:

"Having of our own personal nowledge and not by or through eresay or belief, absolutely nown, seen and heard indivi- dually all or some of the demon- strations, manifestations, and communications of an invisible, intelligent and malicious power within the atmosphere that con- tinued its awe-inspiring and my- sterious operations in the home of Daniel Teed, 6 Princess Street, Amherst, Nova Scotia, and else- where in the actual presence of his sister-in-law, Esther Cox . . . for the period of one year from 1878 to 1879, as narrated by Walter Hubbell . . . which ac- count having been read by us and being known to us as accurate and truthful as to all and each fact, particulars and description given in the aforesaid book, we hereto, of our own free will, af- fix our names to this testament- ary paper so that it may be printed . . . and go before the world in corroboration and veri- fication of what actually tran- spired in the presence of the Teed family . . ."

So, with these witnesses to cor- roborate Mr. Hubbell's account, we may, at least for now, take it at face value as we continue with the narrative of events.

The phenomena began in January, 1879 in the home of Daniel Teed, a foreman of the shoe factory in Amherst, a small

town near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Besides his wife, Olive, and two quite small sons, Daniel had under his roof his wife's two sisters, Jennie and Esther Cox. Jennie was a pretty and popular twenty-two year old; her younger sister was low in stature and rather inclined to be stout.

Arthur Davison, Clerk of the County Court, for whom she later worked, describes her thus: "She was not good looking, very ignorant, only a common education, could read and write but not spell." (He also adds that "I may say in passing I read the book published by Hubbell, and while he painted the facts up to make the book sell, the facts were there all the same.") Davison also said of Esther that, "I have often watched her to find out how she came down stairs, she seemed to fly."

Jumping Box

THE strange activities, as related by Hubbell, started gently at first, merely as a rustling in a box under the bed. The two girls, who slept together, thought it was caused by a mouse. The second night the rustling increased, so that they pulled the box out from under the bed, and then shrieked for help as the box began to jump. Before the eyes of the assembled family it jumped as high as three feet into the air.

A few evenings later Esther leaped out of bed crying, "My God! What is the matter with me? I'm dying!" Then, as reported by Thespian Hubbell, she cried, "I'm swelling up and shall certainly burst, I know I shall." And swollen she was, according to witnesses. While the family stood looking at her, wondering what to do to relieve her, a loud pounding sound was heard in the room. Esther's condition eased, and she went to sleep. (This happened again about four nights later, and intermittently for the rest of the year.)

Next morning, Daniel went for the doctor, and it is well that he did, for we now have on record a letter by the physician, which told of his experiences with the girl. Thomas W. Carritte, M.D., said he would call in the evening and remain until the following morning, if necessary; but did not hesitate to say that what Daniel told him was all nonsense, and that no such tomfoolery would occur while he was in the house.

Yet the tomfoolery appeared ore his eyes. Esther's pillow s pulled from beneath her ad and blown up by some in- ible force so strong that no- dy was able to hold it down be- ath her head. The bed clothes w off the bed, and Esther's ysical condition of swelling and n began just as it had previ- sly. As the doctor puzzled over condition, loud rappings nded from beneath the bed, d her torment was relieved.

Dr. Carritte wrote in 1883 to Professor Rufus D. Pease of iladelphia, Pa. as follows:

'I take my pen in hand at s comparatively late moment say that what Mr. Walter bbell has published about the sterious Esther Cox case is en- ly correct, as doctors not only, t clergymen, editors and per- s hundreds of other persons m their own independent ob- vations could testify. The ng lady was a patient of mine evious to and during those nderful demonstrations and, h all the rest, I must acknowl- ge that I was sorely puzzled. I ed various experiments, but h no satisfactory results. I n had her placed on a thor- ghly insulated bed, in the centre of the room, with refer- ence to possible electric currents, but in vain.

"Honestly skeptical persons were on all occasions soon con- vinced that there was no fraud or deception in the case. It would take me an entire week to write you a full history of my connec- tion with those strange doings. Were I to publish the case in the medical journals, as you suggest, I doubt if it would be believed by physicians generally. I am certain I could not have believed such apparent miracles had I not wit- nessed them."

Many other people saw Esther while she was suffering as she had the first night Dr. Carritte was called. Arthur Davison said, "When I saw her, she was on a cot bed, and seemed to be dead, but for a violent heaving of her body, that is from her breast down to her legs, she would fill up and lift the clothes as you in- flate a bladder and then it would suddenly collapse. Those spells came in regular order, about every minute."

Threats and Poundings

BUT TO GET on to the other manifestations. While Dr. Car- ritte was there on his first visit,

and while he and the rest of the family were in the room, "the bedclothes flew off again; and before they had been put back on the bed to cover Esther, the distinct sound as of some person writing on the wall with a metallic instrument was heard. All looked at the wall whence the sound of writing came, when, to their great astonishment, there could be plainly read these words, 'Esther Cox, you are mine to kill.' " The writing was deeply indented in the wall and looked as if it had been written with a dull instrument.

This was the first indication that an "intelligence" was back of the Amherst mystery. As Dr. Carritte stood in the door wondering what it all meant, a large piece of plaster came flying from the wall of the room, turning a corner in its flight, and fell at his feet. And then the pounding began once again, shaking the room.

The next night when this pounding recurred, the doctor went outside the house, where he heard the sounds in the open air . . . it seemed as if some person were on the roof with a heavy sledge hammer, although in the moonlight he could see no one there. The pounding sounds now commenced in the morning and were heard all day. They were investigated by the preachers of the local churches, who became convinced there was no way for Esther herself to be accomplishing this feat.

Soon Esther began to hear a voice which told her it was that of a man who had once lived on earth, but had been dead for some years. Her family laughed when she told them this, for they said there were no such things as ghosts. But later the girl claimed to be able to see the ghosts. There were several of them, she said, but the two ring-leaders were "Bob Nickel" and "Maggie Fisher." Well, if they were ghosts, they certainly set about proving themselves to be among the most obnoxious ghosts in history. They began setting fires all over the house. These fires flamed up when Esther had been under constant observation by members of her family. But since she was obviously responsible, whether consciously or not, it was decided that she should be sent away before the house burned down.

The poor girl was taken in by a Mr. John White and his wife, who soon began to feel apprehensive when their furniture started to travel about of its own

ccord. Mr. White ran a restau-ant, where Esther helped him. usiness became especially good, s people came in to see what range new manifestations would ake place each day.

And now Walter Hubbell en-ers into the story, for his lec-ure tour began at this time. He nd Esther and John White per-ormed for a short time in neigh-oring towns. Unfortunately (the hosts later explained), Esther as so afraid on the stage that he didn't generate enough power or them to perform their antics, o the shows were a flop. They oon gave up the struggle, re-urned to Amherst, and Esther ent back to her sister's home.

One evening shortly after their eturn, the family held a "sé-nce" for Hubbell. They all sat round a table and heard knock-ngs in response to their ques-ions. Esther said that "Bob" and Maggie," the ghosts, were both resent, and so they were tested. Hubbell asked questions to which obody, not even he, knew the nswer, such as the number on is pocket watch, the date on he coins in his pocket. The rap-ings told the correct numbers n every case. The actor began to e amazed. He wrote, "I was willing to acknowledge that there might be a power of some kind about the girl, but, of course, nothing supernatural; no ghosts, or such delusions of the imagination." He planned to expose it, "For I had been so successful in exposing alleged 'mediums' in the United States, that I felt it would only be a short time before I should see exactly how she managed to humbug people so successfully as to become the wonder and talk of Canada." So he made arrangements to board with the Teeds during the summer, to be closely at hand to observe . . . and expose.

Whizzing Knife

HE HAD BEEN in the house only a few minutes when his umbrella was thrown across the room (by no visible agent). A few minutes later, as Esther walked out of the pantry with a large dish in both hands, a big carving knife came whizzing through the air, passing closely over her head. It came from the pantry, so Hubbell rushed in to see who threw it—but nobody was there.

"I immediately left the room, taking my satchel with me to the parlor, where I sat down literally paralyzed with astonishment. I

had only been seated a moment when my satchel was thrown across the room, and, at the same instant, a large chair came rushing from the opposite side of the room. . . . Just think of it; all while the sun was shining, the birds singing . . . I was a skeptic no longer, but was convinced that there is an invisible power within the atmosphere that men have, so far, failed to comprehend, and that at last it had struck me like a cyclone."

The cyclone continued to blow. Later, as he entered the parlor, seven chairs fell over. He went into the dining room and all the chairs fell over. He began to ask questions and the force rapped on the table in reply. Overcome, Hubbell went into the living room and lay down on the couch, and just then a large glass paper weight, weighing fully a pound, "came whizzing from a corner of the room," some twelve or fifteen feet away, and struck the arm of the sofa, barely missing his head.

"I don't think they like you," said Esther. He wondered if she might not be right.

Whether they liked him or not, they seemed determined to prove to him that they were there, and they were real, whatever they were. After a lull on Sunday, their day of rest and the family's day of restoration, the ghosts began on Monday morning in full vigor, and from then on until later in the summer, Esther became the object of increased persecution. A slap would be heard distinctly by all present and then red finger marks and welts would appear on her face. Hubbell writes, "During an entire day I was kept busy pulling pins out of Esther; they came out of the air from all quarters, and were stuck into all the exposed portions of her person, even her head, and inside her ears."

Deciding to use this force to advantage, and by then—particularly after the episode of the striped stockings — finally convinced it really was ghosts, Hubbell, wanting to light his pipe, said, "Bob, I would like a few matches, if you please."

Instantly matches fell from the air, near the ceiling. After that "I was literally showered with matches; the ghost, Maggie, gave me 45 during one day, and on another occasion, 49."

During the latter part of July the ghosts became so powerfully demonstrative that it was no longer safe to have Esther in the

ouse. Fires were continually ing started; the walls were oken with household furniture; d-clothes were pulled off in the ytime; sofas and tables were rned upside down; knives and rks were thrown with such rce that they would stick into ors; foods disappeared from e table; and "worse than all, range, unnatural voices could heard in the air, calling us by r names. . . ."

This was too much for the vner of the house who asked e Teed family to leave, in order at his property would not be stroyed.

it Esther

POOR ESTHER had to leave home again. She was welomed at a Mr. VanAmburgh's rm where she had been before, nd where the "ghosts" hadn't othered her. After she left, the eeds and Walter Hubbell walkd around their house and called the ghosts. "Bob, Maggie," ey called out. But there was no nswer. The ghosts were gone. hey had followed Esther.

Hubbell went back to the nited States and resumed his ting career, but during the years he kept in touch by letter with the Teeds, and once he returned for a visit to Amherst. By then Esther had left town. He learned that while she was working on the farm of County Clerk Davison, she (or her ghosts) had set fire to the barn. Esther had been arrested as an incendiary, tried, convicted, and sentenced to four months in jail.

"That judge and jury did not believe in ghosts, and I was not there to explain," wrote Hubbell.

However, he states that her previous good character and virtuous life, and the knowledge of so many of the inhabitants as to the true nature of her ghostly troubles raised a whirlwind of public sentiment in her favor and after being confined for one month, she was released.

Hubbell relates that "Bob, the demon-ghost, was finally scared away from Esther" by the incantations and conjurations of an unidentified "Indian Medicine Man" or "Witch Doctor" and promised never to follow or molest her again. She married twice, and had a son by each marriage. She died in Brockton, Massachusetts on November 8, 1912.

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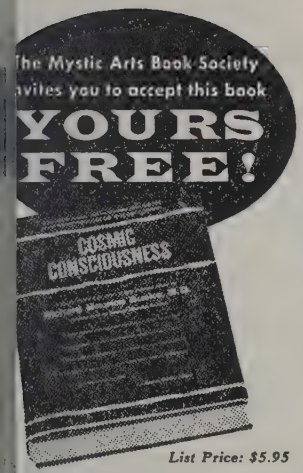

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Since time immemorial, man has sought to view coming events; now, at last, science examines the realities of precognition

CAN WE KNOW THE FUTURE?

An Editorial Report

"I HAD a hunch it would happen. . . ."

"That's exactly what I dreamed three weeks ago. . . ."

"And there he was, struck down by this fallen tree, just as I had seen him in this vision, or whatever it was. . . ."

These are fragments of statements, such as they reach the desks of psychic investigators, week after week. The readers of TOMORROW have found a number of such case histories in its pages, usually narrated by the persons who experienced them at first hand.

But what is the scientific view of such reported incidents of precognition? Can we really know the future?

Efforts to answer these questions are continuing, as they have through the past century. Now, however, the aims and methods of such research have undergone significant changes. Statistical and psychological considerations are being brought to bear upon the study of precognition; testi-

mony is collected with great care; statements are recorded and cross-checked diligently.

Older civilizations, and primitive nations today, regard foreknowledge as a means of manipulation. The oracle might tell of future disaster—but quick action might avoid such disaster. The fortune teller may speak of the possibilities of love, or of gain—if certain steps are taken.

The modern concept of precognition, however, as it has evolved through psychical research since the turn of the century, is substantially different. Precognition, as the word is used today, refers to knowledge of the future that could not be gained by use of the known senses, or by rational inference. However, as parapsychological studies evolve, even such definitions are subject to continuing reappraisal. Indeed, the whole area of precognition study is currently being re-evaluated.

Evidence and Methods

PRESENT approaches to this inquiry were illustrated by the recent Conference on "The Study of Precognition: Evidence and Methods," which took place last December 12 and 13 at New York's Barbizon-Plaza Hotel. The meeting was sponsored by the Parapsychology Foundation, Inc., and it proceeded under the chairmanship of Dr. Gardner Murphy, the Foundation's General Research Consultant; he is Director of Research of the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas.

The Conference participants sought, at first, to define the term "precognition." They were reminded by Dr. C. J. Ducasse (Providence, R. I.) that precognition should not be confused with popular concepts of prediction, predetermination, premonition of correct guesses. He said that "instances of precognition, so-called, are those where the content of a dream, a vision, an experimental guess, or of a "hunch" actually turn out to correspond to a later event."

Specifically, Dr. Ducasse added, "such an event must correspond to the precognitive experience in a manner that is not plausibly explicable as chance, coincidence, nor may it be due to inference, to habits of expectation built up in the past by non-causal regularities." Furthermore, the precognized event should not be "due to the subsequent action" of the person who anticipated it.

This, as Dr. Ducasse observed, was a fairly complex definition; but, he added, "I think nothing short of this is adequate to define precognition." He noted that, have once defined what precognition is, and is not, the question arises: "Does it ever occur?" The answer to this question, in his opinion, rests on two kinds of events: experimental evidence, and that contained in so-called "spontaneous cases." The experimental data takes the frequency of correct guesses of an, as yet, future event. These experiments break down, by statistical methods, the likelihood of any guess regarding a future event turning out to be correct.

Dr. Ducasse urged parapsychologists "not to become a prisoner" of quantitative methods. Spontaneous cases, which occur outside the laboratory and are unplanned and unexpected, may also be evaluated in quantitative terms. It depends on how closely various facets of a precognized events correspond with the dream, or vision, or whatever, in which it took place. As Dr. Ducasse put it:

"If, for example, I were to dream tonight that I received a letter from a friend from whom I have not heard for many years—that, by itself, is hardly evidence that there was causal connection between my dream and the advent of the letter. If, however, the letter that I see myself receive in my dream is not an ordinary letter but, let us say a letter in an oval envelope, instead of a rectangular envelope—an envelope which, no doubt, would drive the Post Office crazy —that itself would be an unusual feature. And if I noticed in addition that, in my dream, this envelope is white on one side and pink on the other, that the stamp is right in the middle of the envelope—all these would be extraordinary features of the letter.

"If I find that the letter which I received the next day does have these quite extraordinary features, that indeed would be a very significant thing. It is a strong indication that this was not just a matter of chance."

Prof. Ducasse also quoted Prof. C. D. Broad (Cambridge, England) as having stated in his book *Religion, Philosophy and Psychical Research* (London, 1949) that a paranormal event is one "which ought not to occur if certain basic limiting principles of our scientific and ordinary

thought are valid without exception." The most basic of these principles, according to Prof. Duasse, is the assumption than an event cannot cause anything before it, itself has happened . . ."

Difficult to Tolerate . . .

DURING the discussion that followed, Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, New York psychoanalyst, noted that observer reaction to apparently paranormal events is similarly pre-conditioned. He said, "Apparently, we can tolerate telepathy, more or less. We can tolerate clairvoyance, a little; I can tolerate it, though it's more difficult for me. Then comes psychokinesis. But the most difficult thing for me to tolerate, intellectually, is precognition. That is, for me as a man brought up in our Western culture, although in antiquity prophecy was a matter of ordinary belief. Naturally, given our cultural bias, we try to avoid precognitive interpretations as long as possible, unless we are cornered by the facts, and simply have no choice."

Mr. Francis Huxley (New York), who had just returned from an anthropological field trip to Haiti, agreed that in most primitive societies precognition, when it occurs, "is a way of changing the future, and not of just seeing the future." He added that in Haiti, for example, "people ask to know the future only if they have a possibility of changing any development that might be unfavorable to them."

Dr. Jan Ehrenwald (New York) pointed to the difference between Graeco-Roman and Judaic cultures with regard to future events. In Graeco-Roman civilization, an oracular statement by Cassandra might be limited to the forecast of a disastrous event; whereas the Hebrew prophets would urge the populace to mend their ways, so as to avoid disaster. Cassandra, he added, "had the feeling of inevitability and impotence," whereas the Jewish prophets were "not satisfied with foretelling the future, but were bent on changing it."

Dr. Joseph Rush (Boulder, Colorado) referred to the "extremely basic" principle of causation in physics, involving energy transfer. He said that when an event or situation "causes a later situation, we mean that some energy has been transferred—transformed with the passage of time." Dr. Rush added that, "with the exception of the con-

troversial things with which we are dealing here," no exceptions from the energy concept "have been established." He noted, however, that "again and again, something which appeared to be an exception has been resolved satisfactorily, on further findings, in terms of the energy laws."

Dr. Ehrenwald suggested that parapsychological phenomena might perhaps be fitted more readily into "the world picture of quantum mechanics than into that of the causal deterministic universe." He cited inquiry into the neuro-physiological basis of mind, based on the concept that "cerebral activity is based on microphysical events on the subatomic scale," and noting that "there areas bound to be microphysical events which cannot be expressed in causal deterministic terms, but which are probabilistic at best." Dr. Ehrenwald, tentatively, suggested the possibility of "psycho-physical parallelism which is non-deterministic and leaves the door open for occasional non-deterministic, micropsychological events which are correlated to microphysical reactions."

Dr. Rush observed that, in certain situations, such as in infancy and at the point of death, or in sleep, "or in some other situations where the normal, rational sensory-motor system is inadequate or frustrated and blocked for one reason or another, perhaps there is a favorable field in which the side functions take over or come to expression."

Dr. Murphy noted that "a psychological order and a physical order are quite different things, just as the order of a dream is notoriously put together in various ways which are not necessarily in conformity with physical events." He added that there would seem to be no need to be apologetic in considering the reality of precognition, as if it were "something impossible, when it is only impossible from the point of view of a frame of reference that none of us here probably holds—psychological order does not have to be anchored on a physical order."

Not "Too Impressive"

THE afternoon session of the Conference's first day, held under the chairmanship of Dr. Gardner Murphy, was devoted to "Quantitative Studies."

Dr. Robert Van de Castle (Denver, Colorado) presented a

historical summary of experimental studies, covering a period of some twenty years. For the most part, the studies reviewed by Dr. Van de Castle were those undertaken at the Parapsychology Laboratory, Duke University, Durham, N. C. He also included work done in England by Dr. G. N. M. Tyrrell, Dr. Whately Carington, and done jointly by Dr. S. G. Soal and Frederick Bateman.

Dr. Van de Castle noted that, growing out of the study of spontaneous precognitive cases, attempts were made to "adapt the usual testing procedure in ESP (extra-sensory perception), to see whether some people would use some sort of precognitive ability in guessing the cards." He observed that, some of the original work in this area "really does not look too impressive" in retrospect —"the results are certainly extra-chance, but if you were to try to differentiate between a telepathic, a clairvoyant and a precognitive hypothesis, you would be likely to find certain limitations in this work."

Dr. Van de Castle pointed out that "the more recent work, which more frequently involves single individual subjects over long distance with the elaborate calculating machine method of selection target order, does seem to appear fairly impressive: the statistics are of an extra-chance nature; the experimental conditions seem to be quite adequate."

Dr. Karlis Osis (New York) noted that, as investigators gained additional knowledge, methods of precognition testing had improved. He said that "we are still faced with the problem of experimental evidence of precognition, as it is by no means on the level of other ESP experimentation; yet, in my estimation, the task remains very challenging."

Miss Rhea White (New York) stated that, from an experimenter's viewpoint, precognition tests have the advantage of leaving him "relatively free to devote his attention to the all-important psychological variables." Also, she said, the subject remains free to be creative and imaginative, which is particularly helpful in experiments with children. Miss White added that current findings might be utilized to establish better understanding of "psychological motivation provided by the precognition type of test."

Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler (New York) outlined a possible experi-

ment whereby subjects would "try precognition of targets selected by machine," with the results scored mechanically." She noted that precognitive cases appear to occur in dreams so much more than in the waking state, as opposed to non-precognitive cases." In precognition there would seem to appear, according to Dr. Schmeidler, a very strong forgetting of the immediate here and now, allowing for a subliminal uprush of impressions."

Dr. Rush spoke on the possibility of establishing experimental conditions "which permit some interplay of sensory, motory and psychic functions," rather than excluding the sensory-motor elements entirely—that would make "these mixed experiments more congenial psychologically."

Dr. Malcolm Turner (Richmond, Va.) raised the question of the "possible explanation of the experimental data on the basis of selection." Partial protection against such "selection," according to Dr. Turner, "would be to measure as many concomitant variables as possible, so as to make more plausible any argument based upon a limited class of data." He added that, in order to make experimental observations more sensitive, four ways might be considered: the motivational aspect; measurement of the response variables in terms of multi-varied analysis; development of the theory of experimental design; and increased sophistication in the final analysis of results.

"Very Remarkable . . ."

THE morning meeting of the Conference's second day devoted to "Qualitative Studies" proceeded under the chairmanship of Dr. Jan Ehrenwald (New York).

Mr. J. Fraser Nicol (Arlington, Mass.) summarized the history of precognition in the area of spontaneous (unplanned, nonquantitative) phenomena. He referred to various works by noted British authorities in the field, and raised the question whether the material presented in the historical literature might be "purely fortuitous, or whether the probability is sufficent to warrant us in assuming a supernormal explanation."

Mr. Nicol stated that, over a period of several years, he had collected data on what he called, "common garden variety of coincidences," representing pure

chance. He noted that the late Mrs. Henry Sidwick, a Council member of the Society for Psychical Research, London, had put forward the hypothesis of clairvoyance in so-called "arrival cases," where a visit is anticipated but the visitors departure or travel may be viewed clairvoyantly. He recalled that Mrs. Sidgwick did not believe that the data available to her warranted a conclusion "in favor of the reality of premonitions."

Comparing Mrs. Sidgwick's work with that of H. F. Saltmarsh, Mr. Nicol noted that nearly two-thirds of the cases collected by both authorities referred to dreams. Mr. Nicol added: "It will be noted, however, that these cases are quite uncommon. The average is about two and a half per year; and considering that some of them are not awfully good, spontaneous precognition is evidently a real rarity." Saltmarsh, after analyzing 138 apparently precognitive dreams, concluded that there was "no ideal case." Mr. Nicol added: "I think in telepathy there are quite a number of spontaneous cases that are very remarkable indeed, and I do not see how they could be explained merely by coincidence or by false reporting, or by any other counter-hypothesis; but you get no such case in precognitive evidence—not up to this time, at any rate."

Mr. Fraser noted, however that "some of these cases, if we knew more about them, might actually be considerably better than they appear, the fault not being that of the dreamer, but of the investigator."

Dr. Ehrenwald emphasized the need for increasingly close cooperation between parapsychological investigators and psychologists, with the view that such "inter - disciplinary co-operation might introduce the principle of psychological significance into the definition of a para-psychological event." He added that, from the point of view of the psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, attempts have been made to develop "certain criteria which should guide us in deciding whether we are dealing with chance coincidences of a precognitive kind, or whether these events have a meaning in the parapsychological sense."

Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett (New York) spoke of the difficulty of anticipating that certain precognitive impressions would be of significance at a later date. She spe-

clairvoyant, but possibly precognitive impressions experienced by her, prior to the fatal crash of the British dirigible, R-101, at the outset of a projected trip to India. These precognitive impressions, Mrs. Garrett said, had embodied the view of a dirigible in the skies over London, with the passengers apparently in distress. When citing this impression to G.R.S. Mead, he had said, "This is very interesting; I wonder what it foretells." But there was not, Mrs. Garrett added, any direct linkage with the eventual R-101 disaster, although the impression of the dirigible in danger had been extremely vivid.

Mr. Douglas Dean (Princeton, N. J.) dealt with certain motivational factors in apparently precognitive experiences particularly from the Freudian point of view. He cited Robert W. White as saying, "The child's behavior is selective, directed, persistent; in short, motivated." Mr. Dean asked several of those present to recall their motivation in aiding in an apparently successful series of precognitive experiments; on the whole, their replies indicated personal motivation, including sympathy with the experimenter, as the strongest motivational factors.

Mr. Thomas F. Harris (Howell, Tenn.) reported on a series of psychological tests given to a group of top business executives involving the evaluation of executive personnel. He observed that among executives selected as having outstanding capacities, "high readiness to make anticipations to anticipate accurate, was regarded as the key element." Mr. Harris added that the anticipatory capacity "did not seem to be straight-forward inferences from past experience, and that the executives were quite unable to explain the basis for their intuition."

Future Work

THE afternoon session of the second day of the Conference was, for the most part, devoted to a summary of the work in precognition presented by Dr. Gardner Murphy, together with suggestions for possible future work in the field. Dr. Murphy suggested that it might be necessary "to define precognition against the broadest possible backdrop in the study of the life sciences." The next step, after a new classification, Dr. Murphy said, is an attempt to get "a lot of material from a few people,

including those who appear to be especially prone to precognitive experiences.

The speaker distinguished between "situational analysis" and "personality analysis" in the occurrence of precognitive phenomena. He noted that "certain situations appear to precipitate precognition, and that death is the most obvious situation." Such crises, he added, also include "severe illness, things that are either biologically or in a broad sense personal crises—disrupting, alerting situations that we have to be ready for, capable of assimilating, warding off, or that call for defense or the ability to incorporate. . . ."

Dr. Murphy asked whether more information is necessary on the "life situation" involved in a precognitive experience; for the person involved in such an experience, it "is partly a biological-medical problem, partly a psychological live history problem, partly a problem of the people around him and of the broader culture in which he is placed." Dr. Murphy cited methods developed by the late British psychic researcher Whately Carington, suggesting that they might be adapted to more effective precognition studies.

Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler then offered suggestions regarding a possible new approach to precognition studies on a quantitative basis, incorporating ideas presented during the conference; she invited the continued cooperation and consultation of several of the participants.

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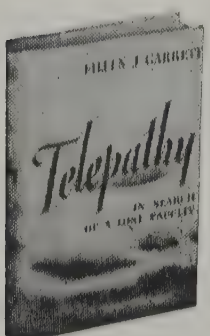

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As the train passed through the intersection a crowd gathered; why was the little girl suddenly terrified and apprehensive?

I DREAMED MY GRANDFATHER'S DEATH

Nena W. Friend

MY dictionary explains telepathy as "affection of one mind by the thoughts and emotions of another without communication through the ordinary channels of sensation." And that is what passed, like a mental telegram, between my grandfather and me on a certain February morning when I was thirteen: a telepathic dream.

We had lived with grandfather since the death of my father when I was three, and there was a very close bond of love and understanding between the two of us. When I was younger he read to me, told me stories, took me for walks, and still was my unfailing advocate when I was due for punishment for some misdeed.

On this particular morning in February I awakened about 5:30 from a very disturbing dream, which upset me so that I remained awake, depressed and fearful. I was at this time a pupil in a girl's school near Boston, Massachusetts.

I had had many dreams, and occasional nightmares—including the one in which the sleeper is being chased, and the feet seem to drag heavily, but none ever had overwhelmed me as this one did. This was my dream:

My grandfather and I had just left a train, and hand-in-hand we walked to the station exit. Outside, a wide street ran from left to right; directly across the street was a small grassy park, or mall, with a number of statues and large green trees. My grandfather took me across the street and sat me down on the wide stone base of the nearest statue, telling me to wait there, as he was going to buy some cigars.

He walked down the street to the right, and what seemed to be a few minutes later I heard a train. Turning, I saw that a single track ran along a narrow street on the opposite side of the mall, coming in diagonally about a block further down to join the street I had crossed. The train—an engine with two or three coaches—passed, and suddenly at the intersection a small crowd gathered, and I heard someone say. "Oh, the poor old gentleman."

I rose from my seat on the statue's base and ran toward the crowd, fearful that the "poor old gentleman" might be my grandfather, and that he may have been killed or injured by the train. But before I reached him I awoke.

Was I Being Foolish?

THE fear and dread would not leave me. I just knew something was wrong with grandfather. Maybe he was dead. I wanted to telephone my home, but I feared that if I gave my dream as a reason, it would be considered quite foolish. Also, I thought that if something were wrong, surely they would telephone me.

I could not eat any breakfast, and the teacher who presided at our table asked me if I were ill. I said, "No," though my heart felt as if a tight string were tied around it. Evidently the teacher reported me; I was summoned to the office of the resident nurse, to whom, after some questioning, I related my dream and my fear.

"Why, child," she said, "don't tell me you believe in dreams. I am sure if anything were wrong your mother would telephone or telegraph you. Now, you just go

your classes and don't think
ny further about that silly
ream." With an arm about me
e walked with me to my class-
om, and after a few moments
conversation with the teacher
e left.

Usually lessons gave me no
ouble, except for an occasional
roblem in mathematics. But that
orning I just sat there, my
ind paralyzed and unable to
nction. When the first class
eriod ended, I was told that the
ousemother wished to see me.

As I entered her office she
me forward and took my hands,
ying: "What is this I hear
out you being all upset this
orning?"

"I'm sorry to have caused so
uch disturbance," I said, "but
had a bad dream about my
andfather. I never had a dream
fect me like this before."

"Has your grandfather been
?" she inquired.

"Not that I know of. I had a
tter from mother a few days
o and he was all right then."

She sat down quietly, folded
r hands in front of her on the
sk, and looked at me thought-
lly for a time. Then she said:
Vell, child, we have had a call
om your home, and your grand-
father isn't very well. Your mother wishes you to come home on the train leaving at two o'clock."

I broke into a flood of tears, which seemed to tear me to pieces. "He's dead. I know he's dead." I cried hysterically. She tried to quiet me, but I couldn't stop. The thing I dreaded had happened. I knew. I knew.

"My dear child, you must control yourself," urged the housemother. "I cannot let you travel in such a condition. Why do you keep saying your grandfather is dead?"

"I know; I know. My heart knows." I cried.

She sent for the nurse, who gave me some aromatic spirits of ammonia, and who helped me to pack. The housemother went with me to the station, got my ticket, and saw me comfortably seated in the train for my four-hour journey home. I believe she spoke to the conductor, too, because each time he passed through the coach he would give me a long look over his glasses.

"You Must Be Brave . . ."

A family friend met me at the station, and when we were in the car she said, "Child, you must be brave for your mother's

sake. Your grandfather passed away this morning."

I didn't cry. I didn't say anything. This was no news; I had known it.

Later, at home, I related my dream to my mother.

"That's strange," she said, "because he had almost the same dream about you."

She then told me how, at the breakfast table that morning, grandfather had expressed concern about me, saying that he had had a dream about me early that morning. "We were in a railroad station walking toward the exit," he said, "and when we got outside she disappeared and I could not find her. I hope she is all right."

"I am sure she is all right or the school would let us know." said mother. But he still seemed disturbed so mother promised to telephone the school later and let him talk to me.

Grandfather had not eaten any breakfast, and complained of feeling cold, so, thinking he had caught a chill, mother persuaded him to go back to bed, and said she would have a hot drink sent up to him. When she had given instructions about the drink, she telephoned the family doctor who said he would come right out.

My mother then went up to grandfather's room. He was lying on his side, and seemed to be sleeping, so she tip-toed out.

The doctor arrived, about twenty minutes later, grandfather had not moved. The doctor bent to look at him, placed a hand on his forehead, then on his neck and got out his stethescope quickly. After a brief examination he turned to mother. "He is dead," he said. "He has just passed away."

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The astonishing mathematical ability of the Elberfeld horses was exceeded by the performance of Lola the Talking Airedale

UNSOLVED ANIMAL MYSTERIES

A. S. Jarman

ONE curious quirk of the human mind is its persisting belief in concepts long after they have been proved false, as in the case of superstitions. A still stranger quirk is its refusal to accept proven facts, because these facts conflict with an existing pattern. Galileo and Copernicus were classic victims of this stubborn irrationality of man. So, just before World War One, was an eccentric old Berliner named Von Osten.

Von Osten, then living in the Prussian town of Elberfeld, was consumed by a single passion: he was certain that some animals could reason and converse like man; to this obsession he devoted his time, his effort and his fortune. Many thought that he was mad but soon astounding stories were coming from his stables. There he worked with a Russian stallion named "Kluge Hans" ("Clever Hans").

The crotchety Von Osten, a retired teacher, claimed that Hans had been educated to the standard of a boy of fourteen; that he could tell the time by a

clock; that he knew the days of the week; that he could read simple words, could solve mathematical problems, and that he had a certain knowledge of music. These, claimed the Berliner, were not the mechanical tricks of a circus-horse. They sprang from Hans' awakening intelligence and new awareness.

Visitors to the stables attested to these marvels although many suspected a trickery that they could not perceive, but which doubtless lay in secret signals. Others accepted the "miracle." Soon the controversy raged in the newspapers of Europe and argument became acriminious. If true, it was indeed a blow for *homo sapiens*. Was man himself, Lord of the Universe, no better than a horse but with a superior education? The idea was intolerable. But the talk persisted. Soon German science, in anger and impatience, appointed a Professor Oscar Pfungst of the Berlin Psychological Laboratory to unmask the impostor and to expose this impudent fraud. So Pfungst gave to the world a damning indictment of Von Osten, accusing him of blatant dishonesty; this document was signed by twenty-four scientists. In vain the old Berliner denied the accusation; public opinion had now been irrevocably shaped by the official report. Salute had turned to scorn, wonder to mockery. Soon afterwards Von Osten died, sour and embittered, disillusioned and dishonoured.

"Therefore, it is Impossible . . ."

IT is notable, however, that the main argument in the scientists' dictum was "That a horse can calculate is contrary to experience and evolution. Therefore, it is impossible." In effect, "What has never happened before cannot happen at all!" It is equally strange that, of the twenty-four signators, only two had actually seen the horse.

Von Osten was dead—but not done for! What was to follow was described by Professor Clarapede, of Geneva University, as "the most sensational event that has ever happened in the psychological world." Even the rumble of the approaching war was submerged beneath the excited and incredulous comment on this event.

Clever Hans had been willed to a certain Karl Krall, a wealthy manufacturer of Elberfeld who had been deeply interested in the

animal. Krall was a tough, resourceful man who thrived on dispute and who was not to be intimidated by the whole Academy of Berlin. He not only extended Hans' education but added four more pupils to the school. These were two Arab stallions, "Muhamed" and "Zarif," and a little Shetland pony, "Hänschen"; as a new experiment, he enrolled a baby elephant named "Kama."

With Krall's affection and patience, the horses progressed quickly. Kama's appetite, however, was for huge quantities of food and not for learning; so she was returned to a zoo. Remarkably soon the two Arabs were forging ahead of Clever Hans and within two weeks Krall claimed that Muhamed had mastered simple addition and subtraction; a few days later, multiplication and division. Within four months he was extracting square, cube, and even fourth roots and at the same time made progress with reading and spelling. Both Muhamed and Zarif would converse spontaneously in the stable with Krall and his visitors. These numbered the most prominent of the scientific world, professors of philosophy, psychology, and biology.

A simple method of teaching was used. Some skittles (ninepins) were placed before the horse which stood upon a wooden platform and, with his hooves, was taught to tap out the sum of their number. With his right hoof he tapped the units and with his left the tens. Soon the corresponding numerals were chalked upon a board.

Then the truly marvelous happened! In a blinding psychic flash the horses leapt the vast gap between the things, the skittles, and the abstract symbols —the marking on the board! This was their great victory over physical darkness. Their progress was then startling. The mathematical signs followed rapidly and a chalked-up problem $7 \times 9 + 5$ would bring a swift six taps with the left hoof and eight with the right.

Reading and spelling came as quickly. The alphabet was marked onto a chart of squares on a large board. Thus the letter "R" would be in a square fourth from the left and in the second line down. Muhamed would then select "R" by four taps with his left hoof and by two with his right. At first, his work was hesitant and labored like that of a

beginner in morse signaling. Soon, however, his staccato rattle of hooves became so rapid that examining professors could barely keep pace. As soon as the problem was chalked on the board, the swift hoof would scrape and patter, and without hesitation the answer be given. Zarif and the Shetland were not far behind their brilliant companion.

Scholarly Pilgrimages

PANEL after panel of scientists journeyed to examine these fantastic animals. Many came to scoff; all remained to wonder. Among them were Dr. Edinger, Frankfurt neurologist; Profs. Schoeller and Gehrke of Ziegler of Stuttgart; Dr. Paul Sarasin of Basle; Prof. Ostwald of Berlin; Prof. Beredka of the Pasteur Institute; Dr. E. Clarapede of the University of Geneva; Prof. Schoeller and Gehrke of Berlin; Prof. Goldstein of Darmstadt; Prof. von Buttel-Reepen of Oldenburg; Prof. William Mackenzie of Genoa; Prof. R. A. Assagioli of Florence; Dr. Hartkopf of Cologne; Dr. Freudenberg and Dr. Ferrari, both of Brussels.

The famous Belgian philosopher, Maurice Maeterlinck, was among those who made the pilgrimage to Elberfeld. His findings say, "I have testified with the same scrupulous accuracy as though I were reporting a criminal trial in which a man's life depended upon that accuracy."

He reports that he was left alone in the stable with Muhamed. He writes, "I confess I was a little frightened. I spoke the first word that came into my head—"Weidenhof," the name of my hotel. Muhamed at once rapped back "Weidenhoz" and I wrote each letter as it came through. I felt the breath of the abyss on my face. I could not have been more astonished if I had heard a voice from the dead." Krall then entered the stable and saw the error. He said, "Muhamed, correct your mistake," and the horse at once tapped out the F.

As mathematicians, the horses shamed the human professionals and had more the attributes of the modern electronic computer. A Dr. Hamel, for instance, alone with Muhamed, chalked up the figure 7,890,481 and demanded its fourth root. Within six seconds the answer came—53. Dr. Hamel checked with a table. It was correct! To extract the fourth root of a *six*-figure num-

ber calls for eighteen multiplications, ten subtractions and three divisions; thirty-one calculations in six seconds! Later Maeterlinck wrote on the board a large random number, ignorant that it was a surd, that is, a number without a square, cube, or fourth root. Muhamed lifted his hoof and at once shook his head. He knew there was no solution.

Certain baffled investigators claimed that the horses were telepathic and "read" the answers already in the examiners' minds. But when problems were extracted from sealed envelopes, none present knowing the answers, the solutions came as quickly with a furious clatter of hooves. Skeptics believed that subtle visible signals were given to the horses but Krall then acquired Berto, a completely blind stallion. By another method of training he too became proficient and defeated the critics. And when the examiners were locked in the stable alone with the horses, there was no lessening of success.

But perhaps most stupefying were the spontaneous "remarks" of the animals. Once Zarif paused during a lesson and, when asked the reason, tapped out, "I am tired." Another time, when asked why he rapped so gently, he replied, "My leg hurts." Much of the gossip of the stable was brought to Krall as he groomed the horses. Once Zarif tapped out "Albert has beaten Hänschen," and it was true. On another occasion "Hänschen has bitten Kama," and this was also found to be true.

Then, Maeterlinck tells us, "Krall and a Dr. Scholler decided they would teach Muhamed to express himself in speech. The horse, an eager pupil, made touching but fruitless efforts to reproduce h u m a n sounds. Suddenly he stopped and, in his odd phonetic spelling, declared, "I have not a good voice." They next asked him, "What must you do to speak?" Muhamed answered, ''O p e n mouth." "Then why don't you open yours?" "Because I can't," he said. The conversations were many and long and all are recorded in Krall's massive *Thinking Animals.*

In July 1955, one of the surviving savants was again questioned about the horses. This was Dr. William Mackenzie, of Genoa University, President of the Italian Society of Parapsychology and author of many works on

physics, psychology, and biology. When asked if he remembered the Elberfeld Horses, he replied, "Could I forget!"

He stressed that he had scrupulously examined them in 1913 and was still convinced that there had been no trickery, no concealed system of signals and no possible use of telepathy. They had instanteously solved the mathematical problems on which their human counterparts had to labor with pen and paper. The only explanation that he could offer was that the horses were "mediums."

THE fate of these startling animals? By 1914 the mutter and rumble of looming war had become a thunder that shook Europe. Like many other projects, the horses' education fell to the clash of arms. Clever Hans, injured, was retired to the country, and the following year Muhamed died. In 1917, when Germany was beaten to her knees and drained of resources, Zarif was drafted to haulage and was lost in the flame and smoke of the Western Front. The destiny of the Shetland pony was said to be still more melancholy: the sharpened appetite of the German people.

And what was the judgment of the professors? By 1914 no less than one hundred and sixty-two monographs and treatises had been written by the body of examining scientists. These may be studied today at the British Museum, London, and in many other famous archives. Some maintained that the horses had a fantastic gift of their own. Others, though compelled to deny telepathy, claimed that, in some inexplicable way, these animals reflected the intelligence of their examiners. Others, like Prof. Mackenzie, suggested that they were possessed by a reasoning mind superior to their own.

Maeterlinck was content to leave it as one of the world's great riddles. The facts are proven; the mystery remains unsolved. But the bones of Von Osten, vindicated, at last could rest in peace.

"Lady" of Richmond

A horse of another colour, but with an amazing gift, was Lady, a three-year old filly owned by Mrs. C. D. Fonda of Richmond, Virginia. This gift was the ability to answer a variety of questions, spoken or *unspoken,* with an astonishing accuracy. So

famed was she that, in December 1928, the noted parapsychologists, Dr. J. B. Rhine and Louisa Rhine, investigated this surprising creature. Their tests ran to some hundreds and their reports may be read in the *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology,* 1929.

Lady's method of "speech" differed somewhat from that of the Elberfeld Horses. Before her were spread wooden blocks, each bearing the letters and the numerals, and she communicated by touching one block after another with her nose. For instance, when Dr. Rhine wrote on paper the words Mesopotamia, Carolina, and Hindustan and, without showing her the writing, said, "What are these words, Lady?" she at once "nose-spelled" them faultlessly. Similarly when asked by Prof. William McDougall, who was present, "What is this gentleman's name, Lady?" she at once spelled out "Rhine." To the question, "What have I in my hand?" she gave "Whip", to "Where can I borrow money?" she answered "Bank." Also within her scope were simple mathematics, such as ½ × 18 or ¼ × 32, although, of course, this was puerile compared with the Einsteinian ability of Krall's horses.

Lady was successful with her answers, even when questions were posed only mentally. Her great difference from Muhamed and Zarif, however, was that she was "dumb" when none present knew the solutions. Dr. Rhine concluded that hers was a case of telepathy to the nth degree, but not more. It was noted that at this time Lady was in a sleepy, lethargic condition and moved almost as in trance. The sleepier she was, the better she responded.

But this baffling telepathic ability was not to last indefinitely. Some months later Dr. Rhine returned for further tests, but now Lady was found to be lively and alert, all her former lethargy gone. Gone, too, was all trace of her former gift.

"Lola," the Airedale

BUT for animal genius, the Airedale bitch, Lola, has never been surpassed. She was owned and educated by Professor H. Kindemann, of Hohenheim, Germany, and by 1917, at the age of three, she had the I.Q. of an adult human being.

She was examined long and closely by scientists, among whom were the Professors H. Kraemer

and H. E. Ziegler who had studied the Elberfeld horses.

Her mathematics were sound (Q. "What is one-seventh plus five-eighths?" A. "Forty-three fifty-sixths"; she could tell the time by the clock, knew the dates and months (Q. "What is the second month, Lola?" A. "February."), had an accurate knowledge of weights and measures and could forecast the weather several days ahead. But it was as a conversationalist that she shone most brightly. Taught to tap out a shorthand-spelling with her paw, some of her remarks were:

Q. "Whom do you love best after me?" (her owner)
A. "Professor Ziegler."
Q. "Do you want more from me?"
A. "Yes, constancy in your love."
Q. "Would you like to be a human being?"
A. "No—because of work!"
Q. "Why are you so thin?"
A. "I have been eating little; it is difficult to live." (Actually she had been chastised for chasing game and was sulking.)

When rain prevented excursions, she would say reproachfully, "Mistake to go out so little!" By 1917 the Allied blockade was tightening and on 10th January she complained, "The food has been getting worse lately; I get too little nourishment from it." Once when missing for ten hours in a woods, she explained that she had been "to marry a dog." This was true as, within the prescribed time, she produced nine puppies, the number of which she foretold some weeks before. The range of her conversation would extend to life, death, and the future of the soul. Her sense of humour is shown in her many jokes.

How are the facts of this incredible Lola to be explained? They are attested as solidly as many a great historic event—but what is the answer?

Was she possessed, as Dr. Mackenzie suggested of the Elberfeld Horses, by an intelligence superior to her own? Or, from time to time, is genius thrown up in animals as in man? Lola might have told us, but she has long since taken her secret to the dust.

William McDougall of Harvard not only loved old farm houses; he also understood some strange noises in a deserted stable

SOUNDS OF A GHOST HORSE

Angus McDougall

I am relating the following story not only because it is true. Many stories are true, including apparently inexplicable psychic incidents. But I am tempted to record this particular event, because it happened in the presence of my father Prof. William McDougall, psychologist of Harvard, a life-time psychic researcher, a keen observer and analyst of psychic phenomena.

The locale of the story is New England, a deserted farm house. The events narrated on the following pages were experienced by my brother Ken, then thirteen years old, and by me, then sixteen years old. I have remained interested in psychic phenomena for most of my life, as an observer or investigator. Here, however, I speak as a "sensitive," as a person to whom an inexplicable experience happened. And this is the story . . .

Family Picnic

WE were on a family expedition, to see the view and eat a picnic supper at a deserted farm. New Hampshire has

many such romantic places, and we liked to discover them during the summer holidays. This particular farm was nothing more than an overgrown clearing in the primeval forest, on a remote mountainside. It commanded a majestic view of the Presidential ranges.

Perhaps I should here explain that my father was an enthusiast about these early American farms, as well as a lover of scenic beauty. As a scientist he was unusually susceptible to the romantic associations and poetic charms of old places. He was full of sympathy for the pioneers. He ordered his "farms with view" by number, in order of preference. Numbers One, Two and Three.

Since his preferences were constantly changing, Number One had sometimes to be demoted in rank. We were forever finding more and lovelier places. It became a sort of game that took us each summer into more remote and wonderful parts of the country. On this occasion a kind friend, a Miss Baird, drove us to a farm site she knew about. She said she knew that we would like it.

She drove us in her model T Ford over difficult tracks through the woods, and up a long mountain slope. Finally, the surface became so rough that we had to get out and walk the last part. There, in an overgrown pasture, stood the remains of a derelict, two-room house. The trees around it were blighted, standing dead and hideous. The house appeared gaunt against the sunset, hopeless in its decay and abandonment, with the red sky shining between its shrunken boards.

Certainly the early settlers who built it had chosen a most glorious view, but the farming on such rocky land must have proved impossible. House and land were the property of Miss Baird's father, a very old gentleman. When he was still a young man, his farmer tenants had become discouraged, like so many others of their kind, and they moved out West in search of better land. The place had remained unused and untenanted ever since.

"Snorting and Kicking"

MISS Baird led us past the house to the edge of the clearing. Our little party settled by the cliff top to watch the setting sun, and to prepare the

heal. My brother and I ran back o the ancient house, to see what e could of it before darkness losed in.

The distance between the ouse and the cliff top must have been some 1,000 yards, so we emained within easy calling dis- ance. We found that the shingle oof was still intact, but the ingle door hung inwards from a broken hinge. Even when new t must have been a pathetic ittle dwelling. Inside, there was nothing except the earth floor and a rough stair leading up to an attic room without windows.

My brother Ken climbed up this stair, while I went out and around to the back of the house. There several lank elderberry bushes had grown up over the roof, forming a sort of tunnel or passage against the wall. I stepped into this passage, and at once heard a horse snorting and kicking inside the house. I thought it might be Ken playing a trick on me, but a moment later he appeared round the corner and stood beside me under the bushes, and we could both hear it.

We put our ears to the wall and listened, but that was hardly necessary. The snorting and kicking were desperate and loud. We dashed around to the front, and went in. But the house was as silent and empty as before. Ken began looking for a cellar with a live horse in it, but there was only the solid earthen floor and the two rooms, one above the other.

We stood staring at one another in utter bewilderment. Ken turned very white in the face, and no doubt I did too. Without speaking we walked slowly back, to rejoin the picnic party by the cliff.

When we got there Miss Baird was in the middle of telling the sad history of the place. Her father's tenants, a young couple with two children, she said, pulled out one autumn and headed west in their wagon. They took their tools and few bits of furniture with them. On the land they left behind an old white horse, too weak to start out on such a long journey. Evidently it took shelter in the empty house during a winter storm, the door swung shut and it was trapped inside. When Mr. Baird came up to inspect his property, early the following spring, he entered the house and found the carcass. He buried it under the earthen floor, inside the house. Outside, the

snows were not yet melted, and the ground was frozen. No one had lived there since that time. In all the intervening years there can have been very few people near the place. Obviously it was visited only by the animals of the woods, the birds, the winds, and the changing seasons.

My brother and I listened to this story in amazement. Then we proceeded to tell the others what we had just experienced. True, we had seen nothing unusual, but the horsey sounds had been clear, emphatic, and unmistakable.

My wise father did not say much. He was himself a keen psychic researcher, an educator, and a great seeker of truth. Perhaps he saw that we had been scared, and did not wish to add to our confusion. On the way home, however, he did say that because our joint experience was spontaneous and simultaneous, it was of much more significance than any single-handed evidence could have been. This gave us something extra to think about as we all hurried away down the mountain.

The sunset had faded now and it was turning cold, and very dark. It was not easy to pick our way down the corduroy road. We were glad to be leaving the lonesome farm, and how thankful we were to find the cheerful tin-lizzie waiting for us in the forest.

* * *

For the record I want to make clear that the impressions we received were not at all faint or ghostly, although the setting was strange enough. They were loud, urgent, and unmistakably real. But they were, after all, only a succession of sounds. We saw nothing unusual. There remains the perhaps significant point that Miss Baird was sitting at a little distance away while we went exploring. Was her knowledge, awareness and thought communicated to us in terms of a telepathically audible reconstruction of a long past event? And if so, what type of experience was this?

Playwright Paddy Chayevsky has brought exorcism to the stage, could this be the beginning of a trend toward psychic themes?

BROADWAY'S PSYCHIC FOLLIES

Sherman Yellen

FOR many years now, the most popular euphemism for the modern theatre has been "The Fabulous Invalid." That all is not well with our stage is a much-belabored fact; arguments as to the cause of the illness take many forms. That there is almost a religious fervor in the argument is no mere accident. The roots of drama lie in man's early religious rituals and mystery plays. The stage has never lost its suggestion of an altar—a sacred place where the truth about men and gods may be learned. In our time, the gods of Freudian psychology and materialism have held the stage, and they have not helped to heal the ailing art.

It is possible that man never was very happy worshiping himself—and that those who bemoan the low state of the theatre sorely miss the spiritual and psychic elements which are lodged in its roots. The great ages of drama, Greek and Elizabethan, were moments when man maintained a central place in the universe,

above the beasts and below the angels. Having adopted the view that we are beasts and that there are no angels, the theatre has, in a sense, turned into a barnyard rather than an altar. By doing this, it has become not only difficult to create a great modern theatre, but somehow our contact with the greatness of past works has been destroyed.

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* for example, has been distilled into a study of the Oedipus Complex, and the significance of its ghostly father and its probing of life after death dismissed as "folklore." Yet, when our modern playwrights attempt their own Hamlets, in those turgid dramas of disturbed family relationships, they fail to compel more than the attention of the moment.

The Tenth Man

THE theatre's loss of its psychic and spiritual sense has been noted by many important critics. Certain playwrights have come under attack because of their inability to deal with spiritual (as opposed to psychological) truths. Among the newer and more successful playwrights, Paddy Chayevsky, chronicler of life in the Bronx and thereabouts, has received much of the brunt of these attacks. "Tape recorder dialogue . . . trivial characters with conditioned reflexes instead of passions . . . seekers of the modern cult of adjustment rather than truth," summarize some of the complaints against Mr. Chayevsky's popular work.

Last summer, the announcement of a new Chayevsky play was made, and it met with more than usual interest. It advised the reader that the dramatist was abandoning his Bronx butchers in favor of a psychic-style drama, based upon the Jewish folk demon, the dybbuk. The play, first entitled, *The Dybbuk from Woodhaven,* reached Broadway as *The Tenth Man*—the change in title, one imagines, lies in the greater box-office appeal of Man over Dybbuk in the matinee crowd.

The Tenth Man opened to rave critical notices and has been receiving great popular support, playing to capacity audiences. It is indeed remarkable that a play, whose basic theme is spirit possession, should receive such unprecedented approval. Thus, in the success of *The Tenth Man,* many may see the first stirrings of a renaissance of a psychic the-

atre and we can well anticipate the coming Broadway season filled with plays ranging from Serbo-Croatian folk-demons to Scandinavian trolls. If Mr. Chayevsky has made a "break-through" into a new, more spiritually committed theatre, it is necessary to examine his play and its sources closely.

The setting is a small, inauspicious synagogue in Long Island. The play opens upon a group of old men, discussing their plans for disposing of the remains of their boring day. One of the old men rushes in with his granddaughter, begging his friends to assist him in hiding her. We learn that the girl, having spent most of her seventeen years in mental institutions, has recently been adjudged a hopeless schizophrenic and is to be permanently committed to an institution.

Her grandfather, unwilling to face this dire prospect, tells the old men that the girl is not insane, rather, she is possessed by a dybbuk, an evil spirit who has caused the girl's fits and fantasies. This particular dybbuk is the spirit of one Hannah Lubensky, a girl whom he had seduced and abandoned to prostitution in Europe, many years before. The disbelieving friends (and the audience) are then exposed to an exhibition of the girl's possession, during which time the dybbuk performs some psychic feats.

Although some of the old men fail to be convinced of the reality of Dybbuks, particularly the young girl's, they are willing to aid their friend, who asks them to perform an exorcism ceremony. He is advised that they are not qualified to do so, that he must seek the aid of a learned Chassidic scholar. While the grandfather goes out to find his rabbi, the men search for a "tenth man", lacking the proper number to form the group for the exorcism rite. The man they bring in has been wandering in the streets outside of the synagogue. He is, we learn quickly, a disillusioned young modern, a self-confessed neurotic who wallows in the failure of his last marriage, the success of his law practice, and the misery of his psychoanalysis. Meeting the young girl, the lawyer begins to feel the first stirrings of genuine attraction. However, when she exhibits her dybbuk to him, he is both astounded and repelled, and the traditional love scene takes on the modern overtones of a discussion of

whether it is better to be "really insane" or just plain neurotic.

When the lawyer learns of the old men's plan to perform the exorcism, he is appalled. But when he telephones his analyst, he finds that the doctor can see no harm in it; it might in fact act as "shock therapy" and possibly help the girl. However, when the grandfather returns, unable to locate the Chassidic scholar, the situation seems hopeless.

It is then that we learn that one of the members of the congregation, an aged and devout worshipper, and a student of the Kabala (whose pages contain the exorcism ceremony), is willing to take charge of the ceremony. Up to this very day, he has not considered himself cleansed of past transgressions, but now, having received a vision of forgiveness in a dream, he is free to aid them.

The last reservations of the "tenth man" are broken down when the holy man challenges his inadequate modern beliefs, asking, "Is it not better to believe in Dybbuks than in nothing at all?"

The exorcism rites have surprising consequences. The possessed girl, gowned in ceremonial robes and placed behind a chalk line, which her dybbuk is forbidden to pass, remains unaltered by the ritual. It is the tenth man, the young skeptic, who falls to the ground, shrieking as if something spectral and vile has been purged from him. We discover that a dybbuk of skepticism is released from its hold upon his life. He now agrees to marry the girl and to care for her.

To some, this play has appeared to present the spiritual problems of our times in stunning theatrical form. Others may suspect that this is simply a variant upon the ancient boy meets girl theme: Boy meets Dybbuk. All who see the play will agree that it does make theatrical fireworks, but some may question this kind of light in spiritual illumination, which is the professed goal of the playwright.

Kabalistic Doctrines

A brief study of the Kabala, which shapes the tradition behind the play, can aid in gaining some perspective about its significance. The Kabala, despite its translated meaning, "doctrines received from tradition," is not an ancient text of magical practices, known to the biblical Hebrews, but the work of some

Jewish scholars of 13th century Europe, who adapted medieval mysticism and science into a system by which the elect might know God and the Universe. It viewed the Old Testatment as a book of symbols, not to be taken literally, but to be deciphered.

Although its early advocates claimed its ancient Hebrew origin, as a book given by the angel Raziel to Adam (to console him for his fall from Eden), Greek philosophy provided one of its basic tenets: that the world is constructed upon numbers and letters, which are endowed with supernatural powers. Traces of Gnostic doctrine, Philo's philosophy and Stoic teachings can be found throughout.

It is easy enough to understand the need for such a book among the ghettoized Jews of the Middle Ages. Seeking a magical source book of ancient origins, by which they might attempt to contact God and thereby control nature, longing to be free from the bondage of a hostile and alien world, their scholars created the Kabala. The mysticism that they found around them in Europe would not do. Christian mysticism, with its emphasis upon the holy female Madonna could hardly satisfy a patriarchial Jewish male. In his Kabala, he placed women outside the holy realm, in the center of demonic evil.

But it is in its attitude toward language that the Kabala makes a greater distinction between its own, and other mystical forms. Most mysticism in the Christian tradition protests the inadequacy of language as a method for expressing the mystical state. But Jewish mysticism takes the opposite position. Language, specifically Hebrew, is a God-given gift, and as such, can accurately depict the mystic's revelations.

There are however no St. Augustines in the Kabala; personal or autobiographic references are avoided, the goal being that of objectifying and depersonalizing the religious condition. Nevertheless, despite these basic differences with other mystical doctrines, the Kabalist seeks the almost universal goal of mysticism, a cleansing of self from worldliness, temporal passions, in essence, a kind of healing through the contemplation of God.

Surface of Mysticism

IN "The Tenth Man," much of the surface of Jewish mysticism is exhibited. There is the

male-dominated world, there are female demons, the old man cleansed of past transgressions, a world of spirits and of men seeking healing. Nevertheless, the play appears to be merely exotic, dealing with arcane ritual rather than with the real issues of mysticism.

Mr. Chayevsky pits his Kabala against his Freud, viewing them as opposite, warring camps in which there is no neutral ground. It is of course a commonly acknowledged theory of our time that Freud's psychoanalysis owes a debt to his Jewish heritage. It is pointed out that in the Jewish tradition (notably Kabalism) there is the belief in the healing power of language—an important aspect of psychoanalytic therapy. In a sense, words are magical tools for exploring and altering our deepest condition as men and women.

But Mr. Chayevsky will not, or does not, recognize such a connection. Essentially he says we can either believe in Dybbuk's or in nothing (Freudian psychology). And what is more distressing, he has attempted to write a psychological-mystical play which ignores a basic distinction between psychology and mysticism. The former seeks to reconcile man to himself, while the latter attempts to reconcile man to God. Thus, it may be argued that the playwright takes a great question and reduces it to a banal and impossible choice.

For the greater part of mankind the lesson of mysticism is revelation through study and contemplation. The dybbuk of skepticism (if one accepts it as an evil demon, rather than a means toward evaluating truth) can never be exorcised through emotional decisions to "believe."

The problem here is that although Mr. Chayevsky chooses to dramatize his dybbuk, with all his playwright's craft, his heart is not really in it. His dybbuk is, we suspect, a reply to past criticism of his "materialistic drama," merely a device, an affectation of "spirituality" rather than a reflection of real faith.

Ansky's Dybbuk

IT is perhaps unfortunate that one is finally obliged to compare Mr. Chayevsky's play with its predecessor, S. Ansky's four act Yiddish drama, "The Dybbuk." Unfortunate, because the Ansky play deserves a separate and extensive study of its own,

rather than the "reference" which space permits. Also, as Mr. Chayevsky has had a far different intention in his drama, one cannot blame him for failing to do what Ansky accomplishes, though one may wonder why, after reading the Ansky drama, a playwright would believe that a modern version could improve upon it.

"The Dybbuk" by S. Ansky (Rappaport) is not a standard work of our English-American theatre. Thus it can only now be approached in its printed form and for many, this reviewer included, in an English translation from the original Yiddish. Despite the fact that the imagination must therefore provide its own production of the play, and the dialogue is at best, an approximation of the author's original, a reading of the play is a unique experience—for it is a drama of enormous beauty and charm. It transports the reader to a new world, one of Chassidic Judaism, a world peopled freely with living men and dead spirits, of great joys and sorrows.

In his introductory note to this play, Chaim Zhitlowsky, a friend of the authors, notes that the spiritual sphere in which the play evolves is Chassidism. (*The Dybbuk.* By S. Ansky. Liveright Publishing Corp. New York, 1926).

Chassidism, Mr. Zhitlowsky informs us, was the great sourcebook of Ansky's drama. It was the creed which revitalized a religion that was fast becoming mummified by study of the Talmud, for all the energies of the Jewish intellect had been absorbed in the unravelling of Talmudic tangles, rather than opening new horizons of thought.

Pre-Chassidic Judaism created a fear-inspired piety, in which the rituals of religion dominated all and ritual had begun to degenerate into superstition. "An impassible barrier divided the natural from the supernatural world which, with its divine powers, dominated and oppressed the other. The only hope of salvation lay in faithful observance of all the minute rituals."

Rebirth of Joy

IT was a great spiritual leader, Rabbi Israel ben Eliezer, who broke down these impassable barriers, by creating the modern Chassidic philosophy which united the worlds of the natural and the supernatural. Rabbi Israel found his inspiration in the lives of the simple villagers, so long

despised by the intellectuals. He saw in their lives, and in the natural world which surrounded them, the longing to return to and merge with the source of being. His Chassidic movement destroyed the belief that man was governed by immutable laws. The goal was to see the world as a single whole, a world peopled by mysterious forces whose nature *could be understood.* It was now the pure of heart, rather than the mere observor of ritual who could best contact God. Joy became the dominant element in the religion, such sacred and formerly terrifying books as the Kabala were divested of their horror—the new mysticism had restored hope to a long suffering people.

This is the world which Ansky creates as background for his dybbuk drama. His characters are not "faith-seekers", the victims of life, but recognizable men and women who pursue their fundamental human drives for love, honor, truth and justice.

The story has the simplicity and purity of a folk tale. A young girl, Leah, beloved by the youthful mystic and scholar, Channon, is betrothed by her father, Sender, to the son of a wealthy merchant. The distraught scholar dies while seeking to obtain occult aid in marrying Leah.

On the day of Leah's wedding, Channon returns as a dybbuk, possessing the body and spirit of the young girl. The help of famous Rabbi Azrael is sought to exorcise the dybbuk. In the course of the trial between the living and the dead, we learn that the girl is the rightful betrothed of the dead Channon, through a pledge made by her father to his father in the past. Although the living exonorate the father, the dead refuse. The spirit of the dead Channon, cut off before his natural life could end, refuses to forsake the body of the girl he loves, and Leah, returning this love, willingly dies to rejoin him.

Appealing World

ANSKY does not provide any psychoanalytic explanations for the possession, he does not attempt to bridge the modern world with the world of Chassidic Judaism. The reader is obliged to take the giant step, and it is a surprisingly simple step to take, perhaps because Ansky has made his Chassidic world and simple characters so appealing that the step is worth the

taking. We live for a moment with a new "reality," not an anthropologists folk tale, but a world which is presented with artistic and intellectual unity. The simplicity and power of his dramatization of the mystical state is revealed throughout—but nowhere better than in the few lines which introduce us to the character of Rabbi Azrael. When asked to exorcise the girl's dybbuk and told that "He (the girl's father) has brought her to you," the Rabbi replies, "To me . . . To me? . . . Why to me, where there is no me to come to? For I am myself no longer." Here is the ancient truth dressed in flesh, the words of a man who has lost self without being lost.

Comedy and Opera

SURPRISINGLY, the comic form of drama has often dealt with psychic subjects much more successfully than its more serious counterpart in our times. Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit,* for example, though hardly a psychic text book, created such a genial character in the medium, Madame Arcati, that he did much to dispel the gloominess which surrounds the subject of mediumship.

This season's single comic play, dealing with a psychic subject, did not fare as well. Sidney Shelton offered his comedy about E.S.P. but the offer, "Roman Candle," was rejected by critics and public alike.

The play is concerned with the amusing situations which a young woman encounters when her extra-sensory perception leads her to a handsome young nuclear scientist. She appears with a fresh bottle of vermouth when she "senses" that he has exhausted his supply, tells him that he will not marry his fiancee as planned, but that he will be promoted to the rank of general, and end up by marrying her instead. But problems develop for our heroine when her unique psychic gifts give her top secret information regarding the defense weapon known only to her scientist friend. Nevertheless, her extra-sensory perception comes to the rescue when she is able to scry the amorous skeleton in her antagonist's life, and thus prevent charges being brought against her. Certainly this situation had amusing possibilities, but according to the reviewers, the author used his knowledge of E.S.P. with more skill than his knowledge of comic

dialogue and amusing characters.

Opera has also turned to the psychic in recent years. Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Medium,* presented a terrifying portrait of a false medium whose real psychic powers nevertheless assert themselves. In his *Saint of Bleeker Street,* the subject of stigmata was undertaken.

But these have been a mere scattering of plays, barely touching the surface of psychic material which contains a wealth of dramatic and philosophically meaningful subjects. Too often in the past, and even in the present *Tenth Man* the truly psychic cannot be distinguished in theatre from the psychotic. When a character's spiritual longings or psychic gifts are shown, they are revealed as a symptom of neurosis or lunacy, hardly as subjects interesting in themselves.

Perhaps the psychic enthusiast can take comfort in the company of the romantic, who has found that his forte, love, is also considered a symptom of our lost age. Only perhaps when playwrights and playgoers stop regarding all forms of human behaviour as incurable medical problems, will the theatre have an opportunity to present the inner and outer life of man life in all its joyful width and depth.

"Madonna of the Tears"

A lithograph (icon) of the Virgin Mary was reported to have "wept" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Panagiotes Catsounis, 41 Norfold Road, Island Park, Long Island, New York, in late March of this year. A considerable number of worshipers reported that they had seen the Madonna weep. The evidence was considered strong enough to prompt Archbishop Iakovos, head of the Greek Orthodox Church for North and South America, to have the icon enshrined for public veneration at St. Paul's Church at Hempstead, Long Island.

Mrs. Catsounis, who had received the picture from a nun in Greece at the time of her marriage two years ago, said that, as she knelt before the picture, "It seemed as though the Madonna opened and closed her eyes—then tears trickled down her cheeks. . . ."

The highly controversial founder of the Theosophical Society is the subject of many works; here is a new, lively biography

THE BLAVATSKY ENIGMA

A Book Review by Allan Angoff

MADAME BLAVATSKY: Medium and Magician. By John Symonds. London: Odhams Press, Ltd. 1959. 254 *pp.*

MADAME Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophical Society is a personality of remarkable staying power. For many people, her very name retains a familiar sound, as if she were still a vigorous contemporary, working her sorcery to the consternation of scholars who cry "fraud" and "charlatan," while exciting the admiration and wonder of other scientists, of poets, and statesmen. The Society for Psychical Research, London, studied her alleged supernatural powers in 1885; its voluminous report concluded: "We regard her neither as the mouthpiece of seers nor as a mere vulgar adventuress; we think she has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting impostors in history."

But two years after that devastating document, William Butler Yeats met Madame Blavatsky and was so impressed that he joined the Blavatsky Lodge of the Society in London, remarking at the time that this heavy-set Russian woman with the penetrating big blue eyes was "a great passionate nature, a sort of female Doctor Johnson, impressive to every man or woman who had themselves any richness . . . almost always full of gaiety . . . illogical and incalculable yet almost always kindly and tolerant." Yeats was not alone; others who saw merit in Madame Blavatsky included Thomas Edison, Alfred Russell Wallace, William Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, J. D. Beresford, Maurice Maeterlinck, Count Hermann Keyserling, and, of course, Annie Besant, the great English reformer.

Original Doctrine

THEOSOPHY, in its original doctrine and ideology, seeks to establish a universal brotherhood. It erects no barriers of race, color, sex, or social position. It studies all religions, philosophies, science, and it investigates the supernatural in nature and in man. It accepts the doctrines of reincarnation, and the Buddhist-Hindu doctrine of Karma, that man's actions in this world determine his fate in the hereafter.

Theosophy is neither religion nor philosophy, but rather a blending of both. Most notably, it lays down no dogma for its followers. It should be pointed out also that Theosophy in its historic sense—which long antedated Madame Blavatsky and which goes back to Paracelsus, Spinoza, Hegel, Jakob Boehme and others of such stature and their delvings into the nature of God—has only a tenuous relationship to the Theosophy associated with the Theosophical Society. One biographer of Madame Blavatsky, C. E. Bechhofer Roberts, known also as "Ephesian", said in 1931 that Blavatsky and her associates chose the term "Theosophical" when they founded their society in New York in 1875, after considering "Egyptological" and "Hermetic", and came to a final decision only because the dictionary said "theosophy" meant "divine wisdom." Thus, concludes Roberts, "the Society's only real link with the older theosophy of Paracelsus and Boehme was the dictionary."

The quite extraordinary Madame Blavatsky has given the

heosophy we know today its vi- lity. Without her, the term ould have continued to signify, r relatively few scholars and eologians, a complex body of ought on the nature of God by me of the most respected think- s in human history. Blavatsky t only knew how to excite the riosity of very ordinary people, frustrated people, of so many ho fear what H. L. Mencken nce called "the powers and rincipalities of the air"—she so brought solace to many eople, as the Theosophical So- ety continues to do.

The life story of this woman is ifficult to trace. It is involved, lusive, and quite contradictory roughout. She claimed an an- ient age and she claimed virgin- y, as befits one chosen by the reat Mahatmas of God to per- orm the miracles with which he achieved such fame and no- oriety. But there is good evi- ence now that she was born in 831, that she was married two r three times, and despite a nedical certificate that she could ot bear children, bore at least ne child.

Mme. Blavatsky claimed to ave lived in Tibet for some ears, but there is no evidence that she was ever there, or in many of the other places she claimed to have visited. But she did live in New York, Cairo, Germany, London, Paris and in many cities of India and Russia. Still, there are years for which she does not account. In her public autobiographical recitals she changed dates frequently, periods overlap, and there are other discrepancies which confuse and confound the student of her life. Nevertheless, in entangling the myth and the claim from fact, there emerges a woman and a rollicking story which will be remembered and retold and studied anew for many years.

Incredible and Fascinating

THE Blavatsky literature is now sizable, and it continues to grow. There are memoirs and portraits by old associates. There are several biographies of her, most of them by critics who are appalled at the brazenness and incredible claims which gave this woman fame, but who are fascinated almost to the point of admiration. The scientific investigators, such as Richard Hodgson and Frank Podmore of the Society for Psychical Research, London, are contemptuous of

Blavatsky, outraged by what they consider her blatant affronts and insults to the most elementary intelligence. But most biographers find her delightful, endowed with humor, capable of laughing at herself, despite her august position as the first and greatest "chela," or pupil, chosen by the Mahatmas from their secret abodes deep in Tibet to perform miracles on earth.

This newest biography by John Symonds is a journalistic account rather than a study. It is largely a piecing-together of old material and contains little that is new and not already available in two excellent earlier studies, *The Mysterious Madame—A Life of Madame Blavatsky*, by C. E. B. Roberts (London, 1931), and *Priestess of the Occult* by Gertrude Marvin Williams (New York, 1946). Symonds, who has written in a popular vein about occult subjects before and is the author of the life of Aleister Crowley, another worker of magic but on a far lesser scale than Madame Blavatsky, does not document his book, nor does he have a bibliography or an index. It would have been a more useful volume if he had listed in it some of the sources he consulted and if he had made even a brief working index, so that his book could be used for reference purposes. In its present form it is difficult to note quickly the variety of men and events who were so important in the life of Madame Blavatsky.

Nevertheless, the author's easy newspaper style—sometimes it is unnecessarily and studiedly easy, and even a little vulgar—will bring her story to many people who might find her own books almost incomprehensible and previous biographies too sophisticated. Mr. Symonds apparently wishes to reach a mass audience, and he may well do it with this none-too-profound book. He is a less devastating critic of Madame Blavatsky than most of her other biographers. He attempts some objectivity, although he, too, obviously finds many of the Blavatsky miracles an offense even to objectivity.

Symonds believes that Madame Blavatsky's abstruse book *Isis Unveiled*, is not the "dish of hash" her critics say, but "an original, an ever important work foreshadowing new intellectual interests such as telepathy and a less mechanical view of the nature of the human mind." How-

er, he adds, she did not write e book but rather appropriated from an early Theosophist who d and left everything, includ- this unpublished manuscript, the Society.

As for the report which Rich- l Hodgson made, Symonds aks favorably of both Hodg- n and the S.P.R.'s efforts to be ntific about supernatural phe- nena. But he notes the criti- m of those who say that Hodg- n did not go far enough in his estigation, that he did not give vatsky and her associates an portunity to testify in their n defense, that he acted as dge, accuser, and jury" and nt home to England to de- nce Madame Blavatsky in a ort that almost destroyed the eosophical movement a few rs after it was launched. Ma- ne Blavatsky saved the move- nt by the peculiar vitality with ich she reasserted herself oughout her life after every aster.

She was born Helena Petrovna hn, July 30, 1831, in the town Ekaterinoslav, in the Russian raine. Her father came of a rman family that had mi- ted to Russia from Mecklen- g generations earlier. Her mother was the daughter of a princess whose family goes back to Ruric, sometimes called the founder of the Russian nation. As a child, she was weak and puny, and was not expected to live through the cholera epidemic raging in Russia when she was born. Several members of the family thought it would be unnecessary to baptise her, but she was baptised and the priest's robes caught fire during the ceremony. Some Russians said this was a bad start in life for Helena, but Theosophists have argued that the baptismal fire symbolized the warfare in later years between Madame Blavatsky and the established churches.

They say that little Helena was an odd child from the start, going off by herself and having little to do with other children. Instead, she held communion in the woods with *rousselkas*, nymph-like little people only she could see. She badly frightened a boy by merely shouting at him that she would have one of her *rousselkas* tickle him to death. She also amazed and shocked her family and her priests by her growing psychic powers. She liked playing games in eerie places, such as cellars where serfs

had been flogged to death in years past, and she often made children cry in terror by telling them stories of horror with realistic relish.

Helena had an English governess, from whom she apparently received a bit of the Yorkshire accent, always discernible in her speech. She was an accomplished pianist and earned her living occasionally by giving lessons, although in her characteristic fashion she called these lessons concerts and recitals.

In 1848, when hardly more than seventeen, after she had been jilted by young Prince Alexander Galitsin, she married General Nicephor Blavatsky, Vice Governor of Erivan Province on the Armenian border. The marriage lasted three months and it was never consummated, said Helena. She was forced into it, she later related, because her family was convinced that nobody else would ever marry so strange and disturbed a child. Her husband was a very old man, she maintained, but he was actually only in his early forties when they married, and was still living when she died. She retained his name, and left Russia.

International Wanderer

FOR the next twenty-five years she was a wanderer, turning up in a variety of countries. She also worked as a circus rider and as a mediun. One of her most fantastic claims is that, disguised as a man, she fought with Garibaldi in Italy in the Battle of Mentana in 1867.

During this period she also married Argadi Metrovitch, a Hungarian opera singer she met in Tiflis when she returned to Russia briefly, a fact which made her a bigamist for the first time. She was to become a bigamist for a second time when she was to marry again later in the United States. She and Metrovitch had a child who died when he was only a few months old. After Metrovitch died in 1871 she began holding spiritualist séances in Cairo, where she organized the Société Spirite. In later years, she violently denounced spiritualism saying she had only practiced it in order to know more about it.

In 1873 she came to America as a steerage passenger, worked in a sweatshop on the lower East Side of New York, and lived near there in what was known as The Home For Working Women. Here, too, she regaled the girls

ith stories of horror and magic, noking incessantly, and often ing language that might em- rrass a lumberjack. But she so set about getting her name the papers by cleverly planted ld stories about her skills and making the acquaintance of olonel Henry Steel Olcott.

Olcott was a dignified, beard- l, middle aged lawyer, husband d father, who wrote stories out mediums, magic, spiritual- n, and the occult for the old *ew York Graphic*. Madame avatsky conquered him com- etely, albeit platonically, as she d other men who were weary home and office and found in is powerful-looking, cursing, noking, lively Russian woman, ith her exotic career and over- owering personality, an excite- ent nobody else offered.

The story of those men who rmed the court that traveled ith Madame Blavatsky, their de- tion to her, their fear of her en as they were confounded by r outrageous habits and her ntinual altering of the facts of r life, is yet another fascinat- g story, within the story, of Ma- me Blavatsky's life. These men unded the Theosophical So- ety in 1875. Olcott was the first President, but Blavatsky as Corresponding Secretary was the force that gave it the vitality which sustains it to this day.

Conversion of Annie Besant

IN theosophical doctrine, as Blavatsky envisioned it, God is the Divine "Logos," served by Mahatmas, or Masters, who have achieved their high state after innumerable incarnations. The Mahatmas have pupils on earth to help them; of these, Madame Blavatsky represented herself as the greatest, chosen especially to set up the Theosophical Society. The feats she performed to demonstrate her alleged supernormal calling included the magical ringing of unseen bells, suddenly-materialized tea cups, and notes "from the Masters" that mysteriously dropped from the ceiling. Madame Blavatsky also claimed that the books she wrote had been put down, as it were, by her as an agent of the Masters.

Perhaps her most remarkable accomplishment, of which Symonds makes surprisingly little, was her enlistment of Annie Besant in the Theosophical movement. Mrs. Besant had been a respected figure in British political life, prominent as a Fabian So-

cialist and, after long residence in India, an ardent champion of Indian home rule. But after reading Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine* she exclaimed, "I knew that the weary search was over and the very Truth was found. . . ."

Besant met Blavatsky one evening at her famous apartment, 17 Landsdowne Road, Notting Hill, London, and went away overcome with a determination to devote her life to the Theosophical movement. Although not yet sixty, Madame Blavatsky had aged beyond her years. She had grown obese, smoked incessantly, dressed slovenly, and wore some of her numerous rings and bracelets, when Mrs. Besant visited her. She did not accept Annie Besant into the Society, even when she came back a few days later, prepared to put behind her the career, the friends, and causes which had made her life such a dynamic one. "Have you read the report about me of the Society for Physical Research?" she asked, and when Mrs. Besant said she had never heard of it, the old Russian fixed her blue eyes upon her and said, "Go and read it, and if after reading it, you come back— well?" One biographer said she smiled sweetly and mysteriously and waited.

Mrs. Besant read the report and was not impressed. She was still awed by the presence she had felt at Landsdowne Road, by "the frank, fearless nature that had caught a glimpse of, the proud fiery truthfulness that shone at me from the clear blue eyes, honest and fearless as those of a noble child. Was the writer of *The Secret Doctrine* this miserable imposter, this accomplice of tricksters, this foul and loathsome deceiver, this conjuror with trap doors and sliding panels? laughed aloud at the absurdity and flung the Report aside with the righteous scorn of an honest nature that knew its own kin when it met them, and shrank from the foulness and baseness of a lie."

When Madame Blavatsky died four years later, Mrs. Besant succeeded her as the head of the movement. Ever faithful to the teachings of Madame Blavatsky she nevertheless tried to apply the sound and rational and less mystical ways of her early training in English labor and politics when she called Theosophy "the body of truths which form the basis of all religions and which

annot be claimed as the exclu-ive possession of any."

nigma Unsolved

HOSE who look to Theo-sophy for the key to the nigma of Madame Blavatsky will e disappointed. Her fame, as eats discerned when he met her, ests on the impudence of her ersonality, an impudence devoid f real venom, an impudence hich made it easy for her to augh at herself and all those round her—except, incidentally, nnie Besant. It is even permiss-ble to question her true feeling bout spiritualism, Theosophy, or occultism. Her careers in all of them may have been her way of transcending, of laughing at, life and death.

One biographer, C. E. V. Roberts, tells of the time Colonel Olcott asked Madame Blavatsky a difficult question about the nature of God. When she ignored him, Olcott asked again. In anger she turned to him and said, "Who the hell knows? Who the devil cares?"

It may be another apocryphal story about the famous lady, but it tells more about her than the heavy books she wrote and the world-famous society she founded.

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JADOO

Condensation of the Book by

JOHN KEEL

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CONSIDERING THE FASCINATION which oriental magical practices have always had for the American and the European, there are remarkably few good books covering this subject written at the present time. In the past there were the famous traveller's tales, ranging from Charles Doughty's antiquarian prose rambles in Arabia to Alexandria David-Neel's accounts of her unusual experiences in the Himalayas.

No doubt, the great social upheaval in the Orient has taken men's mind away from the ever-intriguing subject of exotic magical practices. The problems of social progress have triumphed over the art of the Sadhu, and what was once a subject for intelligent inquiry is now often dismissed as superstition.

John Keel, author of "Jadoo," has moved against this current. Unlike most reporters in the Orient, he did not arrive on a specific assignment, nor in search of an off-beat subject for a Ph.D. thesis. He came to the Orient as few now come: an old-fashioned adventurer-writer, supported only by the energy and enthusiasm of his youth. He traveled widely throughout Egypt and India, reporting his discoveries as he saw them and finally, solving for many a fireside reader, some of the most intriguing oriental enigmas in his shrewd, breezy, account of these travels. As many doors to oriental magic have already closed since Keel's journey, his book may stand as one of the last documents in this field.

I AM a professional cliff hanger. For the past few years I've earned a crazy kind of living by teetering on precipices in Tibet, and wrestling with crocodiles in the Upper Nile, then going off to some quiet corner to write about my escapades.

My specialty is magic, the "forbidden arts." My story sources are witch doctors, fakirs, lama sorcerers, and men who claim they can kill you with a hypnotic glance, or cure your troubles by donning a grotesque mask and shaking a gourd over your head.

Jadoo is my stock and trade. Jadoo is a Hindu word which means black magic. It is related to voodoo and hoodoo. I had first heard the word in Egypt. It was a password throughout the Orient, wherever interest in magic and the supernatural still ran high. Today, there are few corners of the world left where the wheezing rattle of automobiles and the monotonous drone of radios have not brought some form of enlightenment, and crushed ancient practices and superstitions. Those few corners are my bailiwick. Those "backward" places still haunted by *jadoo* have provided me with the material for this book.

During the Korean War I was drafted and shipped to the Cold area of West Germany and put to work pounding a typewriter for the American Forces Network, an extensive radio network for the "entertainment and education" of U.S. troops in Europe. In October, 1953, I headed a "special events" team to Egypt to write and produce a Halloween program from the innermost chambers of the great pyramid of Giza. It was a great experience and it was my undoing.

The Middle East fascinated me with its atmosphere of mystery and antiquity. After we'd returned to Frankfurt I began dabbling in magic again. I wanted to return to Egypt and linger in its tombs. I wanted to go around the world, to see India and get a first hand look at the celebrated feats of the fakirs, to explore the Himalayas, to investigate the fire-walkers of the Pacific islands.

Since my only hope for earning a living on such a venture was by writing magazine articles about what I did and saw, I started writing stories again. Finally, my army service was over and I bought a ticket to Cairo.

My trip wasn't carefully planned. I had no itinerary, no time limitations. I wasn't a scientist going on a specific mission. I wasn't even a reporter looking for a specific story.

My intentions and my future were a little vague when I left Germany, but now a pattern was evolving. Magic was again my prime interest and most of my articles were concerned with the magicians of Egypt, spiced with my cliff-hanging experiences. When I looked at the rapid changes around me in Cairo, I realized I might be one of the last people privileged to pry into the world of Oriental mystery before it was wiped away altogether. This realization helped me to define my "mission" more clearly.

I travelled from Cairo to Luxor to Aswan and beyond to the rarely visited temples of the Upper Nile, and soon I felt I'd exhausted all the story possibilities in Egypt. I had to get away, to find new vistas and gain a new perspective. India was my next logical goal.

Mind Readers and Healers

INDIA promised to be an exciting country, even though Bombay was at first sight disappointing. It was a contrasting, contradictory city, much more modern than I'd expected. Sidewalk fortune-tellers and mind readers abound in India, preying largely on tourists. They all follow the same general routine and dispense the same prophecies. They just judge from the way you're dressed your accent, etc., and govern themselves accordingly. I was soon anxious to leave for Hyderabad, and the heart of old India.

Jadoo hovered over Hyderabad constantly. It was a city of mosques and great domed temples. Hyderabad has a twin city, Secunderabad. A small river separates the two. In Secunderabad there is a large club, originally built by the English colonists and

now supported by the social elite of the two cities. A dour Englishman, the Elsa Maxwell of Hyderabad, was in charge of it. If he banned an Indian from the club it meant social disgrace. He wielded this power frequently, with sober delight.

I had a short uncomfortable interview with him, in the company of an Indian army colonel. He looked down the long nose of his ruddy English face, frowning at my baggy, patched-up linen suit, and addressed me in tones usually reserved for menials who have come to scrub the floor. But he did tell me some intriguing things.

There was, he said, an old *sannyasin* living on the outskirts of Secunderabad who had unique talents as a healer. The Englishman had a sister who was quite sick back in England and he visited this man for advice. The *sannyasin* went into a kind of trance, his bearded chin lowered against his bony chest and, after a half hour of silence, jerked his head up to announce he had communicated with the sister and all would be well.

A few days later the Englishman received a letter from her, relating a remarkable experience. She had been eating in a London restaurant with a friend when suddenly she felt very strange, aware of the presence of some invisible being. When the sensation passed she was surprised to find her tiredness and illness completely gone. This had occurred on the very night her brother was sitting with the *sannyasin!*

The Englishman swore his story was true. Obviously he was a believer in the lore, mystery and *jadoo* of India, but I have no reason to think he made up the tale to entertain me.

The faith healer was well known in the twin cities, curing hosts of natives daily, without charge, using only water which he blessed with some potent prayer. When the sick called on him, he wouldn't even look up from his meditations but would just wave toward the bottles of holy water in the corner of his hut.

The next day, it was a bright, cloudless morning, quite cool. I set out to find this man, following the rather sketchy directions

given to me by the Englishman at the club. I walked for several hours but couldn't find his hut. The natives I asked along the way had all heard of the *sannyasin* but they all gave conflicting directions. I knocked at several shacks but none was the right one.

Finally, around one o'clock in the afternoon, I reached the summit of a high hill where there was a little white-domed structure containing benches for Sunday climbers who wanted to rest and view the glistening temples and palaces of the city spread out below.

An old man was sitting there, staring off into the blue sky. He ignored me as I sat down near him. He was dressed in a *dhoti,* one of the typical shapeless gauze gowns, with a clean little cap on his head. His hair was long, and a short gray beard jutted from his chin. I didn't pay much attention to him and, after catching my breath and resting for a few minutes, I started to leave.

"*Shree* Keel." Suddenly he spoke my name. Startled, I turned back.

"You know me?" I thought he must have recognized me from recent newspaper stories.

"You are well known," he said in a soft, well modulated voice tinged with a British accent. "May I talk with you?"

I sat down and as a conversation opener I asked him about the *sannyasin.*

"You are far-off," he said flatly. "His hut is among the hills on the other side of the city."

He went on to tell me several remarkable things. He described the contents of a cable I'd received from my agent earlier in the week. Speaking in a casual, sincere, conversational way he told me what I had been thinking about while sitting there, and he even gave me advice about a story I had worked on the night before. A story that wasn't going well.

I was astounded. I pressed him for some explanation but he offered none. He parried my questions with more puzzling remarks about my past, detailing things which had never been published in

Indian papers and which I'd never discussed with anyone in India, yet he didn't try to act mysterious or mystical. He wasn't trying to impress me. He was just having a friendly conversation. His name, he said, was Vadramakrishna, and he was "interested in the unusual" the same as I.

Finally he focused his eyes on me and remarked, "You don't believe in the Indian rope trick, do you? You're a skeptic and must see things with your own eyes; this is your blind spot. Let me tell you, you have great inner resources which you have not yet discovered. When, at last, they are revealed to you, you will learn to see . . . and you will find all you seek."

Excitedly, I leaned forward.

"Have *you* seen the rope trick?" I asked, fascinated.

He smiled slightly, his eyes twinkling.

"I have *performed* it," he said simply. "I can show you how it's done. You have earned the answer."

During the minutes that followed he quietly sketched the secret in the sandy dirt with his stick and patiently answered my awed and enthusiastic questions. He had done the trick in his younger days, he said, but it was a false illusion and he no longer dealt with falsities. Now few people knew the secret. Few performed it. It was dying, just as the old world of *jadoo* was dying.

"I have been waiting for you for a long time," he said cryptically, as I hastily scribbled the details in my notebook. "I'm glad we've finally met."

"Waiting? But how . . ." I began.

"Skepticism is so blinding," he interrupted. "Teach yourself to be curious, not skeptical. You will learn more because you will see more. You thought the rope trick was impossible. Now you know you can do it yourself. There are so many things that seem impossible to us . . . but if you reach for your untapped resources, if you think with all your brain, you will find the answers. And more besides."

He rose to his feet, supporting himself with his heavy stick.

"Where can I find you again?" I asked eagerly. "Can I walk you home?"

Again that soft, patient smile.

"You have found me once. That is enough. I live far from here and it is better for me to go alone."

He put his palms together in the customary salute.

"Good-by, *Shree* Keel. Good luck. Remember what I've told you. But when you write of this . . . be careful. Half the world is blinded by skepticism."

Secret of the Rope

DAZED, I watched him make his way down the side of the hill. I had the secret to the Great Indian Rope Trick! A secret so simple I could never have figured it out by myself. That simplicity is its greatest strength.

It *had* to be simple. Remember, it was first performed hundreds of years ago when magicians had few mechanical devices and had to rely on crude, easy to obtain materials. They also had to depend a great deal on what is known as "misdirection"—the business of diverting the audience's attention, making them watch the left hand while the right hand does the dirty work. Fortunately, audiences in those days were far less skeptical, less educated and easier to deceive than they are today. They believed that the magician possessed special magic powers and didn't look for a trick or a secret in the things he did.

Thanks to this gullibility, a blinding legend grew up around the rope trick. It is supposed to be a lost secret, a miracle performed by the ancient *jadoo* artists. The theory has even been advanced that it was done by only one especially clever fakir centuries ago, and that it hasn't been seen since.

The trick hasn't been seen often in recent years for a variety of good, sound reasons. First, climbing the rope is dangerous and a feat for accomplished jugglers. Jugglers are diminishing in modern

India. Second, the risk of detection is very great. If any reader of this book saw it with his own eyes, he would probably realize how it's done immediately. Third, the secret has always been jealously guarded and few know of it.

This secret does not lie in the ground or in the rope, but in the air. Wires hold the rope up. In ancient times magicians used a length of thin, strong line made from black hairs woven together. Remember, this trick was introduced when "invisible" wires, now a standard magician's gimmick, were completely unknown. And it was always performed at dusk, at the conclusion of the jugglers' performance, because the hair ropes weren't totally invisible.

But, you reason, the trick was performed in open fields, not under trees or other possible supports for the invisible ropes. How was this possible?

The terrain of India is the answer. The rope trick was usually done in mountainous regions or hilly areas, never in desert country. The site of the performance was always in a valley between two hills or two rocky knolls.

The invisible wire was stretched from the summit of one hill across the valley, to the summit of the other hill. With higher hills in the distant background, even ordinary wire is invisible. (Observe telephone lines strung along the countryside. They seem to disappear when there are trees in the background, and are most visible against the open sky.) With the added advantage of dusk or darkness, there is little chance the wire could be seen *because it's human nature to think the rope's support must be vertical, not horizontal!*

This horizontal suspension wire is the key factor to the secret. There is a simple explanation, too, for those cases where the boy is reported to have climbed into the sky until he disappeared from view, and the rope fell emptily to the ground. Torches or lanterns on the ground made the spectators night-blind when they looked up into the dark sky. The boy merely climbed up out of range of the lights and traveled hand over hand over the wire.

How did they get the rope up to the suspension wire?

A thinner rope or thread dangled over it, with one end trailing to a concealed spot where an assistant could pull it. A small hook was on the other end and hung near the magician. The rope itself was unprepared except for a wooden ball on the end. This had two purposes. It gave the end weight so it could be thrown upward, and the holes in it held the hooks used in the trick.

These were almost all the preparations necessary. The magician would begin his show toward sunset, situating his audience ten yards or so back from the spot where he intended to do the trick. Thus they would get a view of the general background; those hills which helped conceal the suspension wire.

At the beginning of the trick, he would toss the weighted end upwards and it would fall back, inert. This failure would be repeated several times, relaxing the spectators, boring them just enough so they wouldn't see him when he deftly connected the ascension wire to one of the holes in the ball. Then his assistant would jerk the thread and the rope would begin to rise on the final throw. By this time it would be fairly dark, the magician's chatter and repeated failures would have lulled the audience, and the stage would be set for the great illusion.

To the casual observers, it looked as if the rope were suddenly climbing into the empty sky without support. Because darkness exaggerates and confuses distances, the rope seemed to be two or three hundred feet in the air, even out of sight, when actually it was only fifty or sixty feet up. This illusion staggered the spectators' senses even more.

After the rope reached the suspension wire, the magician called his young apprentice forward and ordered him to climb. The apprentice was always young and very small, so the thin ascension wire could bear his weight.

He would act hesitant and the fakir would argue with him, even threaten him. Finally he would start to climb, hurling back violent abuse.

Once he reached the top, he pulled a hook from his pocket nd fastened the ball more securely to the suspension wire.

It was then ready for the last spectacular bit of showmanship. The magician would shout up to him and he would answer with nsults.

Apparently enraged, the fakir clutched a big, wicked looking nife in his teeth and would start up the swaying, bouncing rope. When he reached the boy they would grapple and curse and seem o have a whale of a fight.

The illusion of height, the darkness, the audience's night blindness, and the boy's small size served to conceal what was really going on. Besides, the audience was so enthralled by this time they didn't know what they were really seeing.

While struggling with the boy, the magician pulled from various sections of his clothing the parts of a freshly butchered animal (usually a large monkey) wrapped in cloth similar to what the boy was wearing. He would drop these, one at a time, while the boy screamed in simulated agony.

Suddenly the cries would stop. A head wrapped in a turban would strike the ground and bounce bloodily. Assistants hurried around, collecting the hacked up pieces, creating a fuss while putting the remains in a large basket ("Where's his other arm, Babu?") The spectators would be misdirected for a moment.

But a moment is all the boy needed to climb inside the baggy clothing of the magician, slipping his arms and legs into a special harness which the latter wore.

Then, with the boy pressed flat against his body and well concealed, the magician descended.

Back on the ground again, he looked sadly into the basket—while his tiny apprentice slipped out of his robes and hid behind it. Then, grabbing the rope, the magician would shake it until it fell to the ground, misdirecting the spectators while the boy climbed into the basket.

Or the basket might be omitted entirely. The magician's as-

sistants might collect the bloody pieces and, after the magician is back on the ground, cluster in a group around him, appearing to be carefully arranging the parts on the dirt, giving the boy a chance to slip away from the fakir and stretch out in the dim light. The assistants would slip the parts into their own robes, then step back while the magician gave the boy a kick and he sprang to life.

India's Human Pin Cushions

IN Egypt I had quickly learned that paid guides are generally more of a nuisance than a help. They are usually filled with misinformation, and have no misgivings about making up tales to fill the gaps in their knowledge. So I've found it more profitable to wander by myself through the old cities, carefully avoiding the usual tourist traps. This paid off in Banaras, India.

I roamed the city alone and there, by the banks of the muddy Ganges, I discovered the secret of walking on water and the secret of human pin cushions which I had witnessed in Egypt.

The young man who revealed the latter to me was squatting in front of an old temple near a foul-smelling funeral pyre, thrusting long steel needles through his cheeks, with other pins and needles poking into his shoulders, chest and legs, while his eyes rolled vacantly toward the sky. Most incredible of all, he had a tiny, sharp, three-pronged trident thrust up through his tongue! There was no blood visible around any of his numerous wounds and he didn't seem to be in any pain. The pilgrims swept past him with hardly more than a glance.

The usual explanation offered to tourists is that these human pin-cushions are holy men who are deliberately inflicting pain on themselves to pay for their sins. Some of them are supposed to be inspired by the belief that if they suffer in this fashion for a certain number of years they will achieve the state known as "Godhead," when they will reach direct kinship with their gods and become living gods themselves.

This young fakir seemed to be in a trancelike state and he didn't appear to notice me until I dropped a one rupee coin into his bowl with a flourish. Then his eyes flickered. It was probably the most money he'd seen since the last festival season. I sat down beside him and tried to talk to him. At first he ignored me, but when I mentioned I would pay him for an interview, he snapped to life. Glancing around to make sure he had an audience—a few ragged pilgrims had stopped to stare, but I think they were looking at me, not him—he reached up and dramatically pulled the pins from his cheeks. Then he turned his back and removed the trident from his tongue.

I took him aside and tried to bribe the secret out of him, for by turning his back he had convinced me there *was* a trick to it. But he insisted he'd learned his art deep in the jungles from a great holy man, and that he accomplished it by numbing his body with secret holy words.

"If you can teach me the words so I can do it myself, you can have this," I said, pulling out a crisp ten rupee note.

He hesitated for a moment, then led me into the temple where we could be alone. It was dark and cool there, with an atmosphere created by cheap incense and a couple of thin candles flickering in front of a multiarmed statue. A Buddhist priest stepped out of the shadows, but the fakir gave him a nod and he rustled out

When we were alone he gave me a lot of mystical Mumbo Jumbo, tongue-twisting words to repeat to myself, "secret" prayers to recite before and after the trick, etc., but I didn't believe any of it. It didn't make sense. Those who practiced this "art" back in Egypt couldn't possibly have known these Hindu catch phrases. All this business about holy words was just a cover up. As I listened skeptically to his instructions, the *real* secret was beginning to dawn on me. It was, as usual, so simple I'd never thought of it before.

The fakir said that, after preparing myself with the holy words, I should feel around the inside of my cheek with my tongue

until I found a spot between the muscles. The point of the needle is then placed in the mouth against that point and a sharp blow on the opposite end will drive the steel through the cheek.

I examined his needles carefully. They were just ordinary hatpins with artificial pearls on the blunt end. They'd seen a lot of use and were dark and slightly bent. Then I asked to see the trident. He handed it over reluctantly. It was a long needle about six inches long. The trident head with the three sharp points was removable. The fakir first drove the needle through his tongue, then he slipped the head over it. The result was a gruesome and startling effect.

"Das rupees," he said, holding his hand out impatiently.

"Just a moment," I frowned. "We agreed you wouldn't get the money until I could do the trick myself."

"As you like," he shrugged, passing me all of his needles.

Nervously, wondering if I wasn't crazy to attempt it, I held two of them over a candle, hoping to sterilize them a little. Then we were ready to act out what might be described as a dramatic farce. He rattled off his holy words while I carefully parroted them, strongly aware of the incense and the odd rays of dusty sunlight dripping in the door of the temple. I didn't think the holy words at all. I thought, instead, of what I should do if my theory were wrong. I wondered how far it was to the nearest doctor's office, while I moved my tongue against my cheek and found what seemed to be a soft spot between two lumps of muscle. Then I carefully placed the point of one of the hatpins in my mouth. It pricked and I winced.

"The holy words," he said softly, "think of the holy words."

I braced myself and slammed the palm of my hand against the round end of the pin. There was a flash of pain as it went into my cheek and another pain as it came out the other side. *Then there was no pain at all. I had an inch of steel sticking through the side of my face and I didn't feel it at all!* The insertion had been no more painful than a bad shave or a doctor's hypodermic.

"See," the fakir grinned triumphantly, "the holy words protect you."

When I drew the pin out again the wound didn't bleed and the puncture was hardly discernible. The next morning it was gone entirely.

The "holy" words were nonsense, of course. Later, when I recited them for an Indian friend, he broke into laughter.

"Those are Bengali swear words!" he said.

The real secret of the human pincushions which I learned that day, and later experimented with in many ways, boils down to this:

There are many parts of the human body which can be pierced with thin, sharp needles without any pain. *Anyone* can stick pins painlessly into their thighs, through their eyelids, or through their cheeks just as the fakirs of India and Sheikh Shemes of Egypt do.

There is a brief moment of pain when the needles first break the skin, but once inside they can't be felt at all. You must be careful, though, to insert them only into flesh, not into veins or muscles. Needles can also be shoved completely through the throat —if you know the right places. And through the tongue.

The pins should be sterilized carefully beforehand and should be driven in quickly. And removed quickly. This is not recommended as a party trick for the risk of infection is great and if you slip you might cause serious damage.

The secret of walking on water is just as simple . . . and just as disappointing. I saw an elderly fakir demonstrate it on a narrow tributary in the northern part of Banaras while his followers gaped with respect and admiration. He stood first on the bank on one side and delivered a long speech about his powers and his claims to godhood. Then he threw off his bright purple robe and, dressed only in a loincloth, stepped to the water's edge. I started to turn away, thinking he was only going for a dip in the holy waters, when I heard the crowd gasp.

The old man had stepped into the water, which was perhaps six or eight feet deep, but he didn't sink! Instead he walked blithely across the surface in his bare feet, moving slowly, with great majesty. The moment he reached the other side the crowd gave an excited whoop and plunged in after him, swimming across while he went into another long speech.

I went over the bank carefully searching for some clue as to how he did it but I couldn't find any sign of trickery. Several hours later I managed to get him aside long enough to wave some money under his nose and ask for the secret, but he haughtily replied that it was a "power" and he wasn't even going to discuss it with the likes of me. But I told him where I was staying in case he might change his mind later.

He did. The very next afternoon he appeared at the hotel, followed by a mob of ragged natives, and joined me alone in my room over a cup of tea. He needed money for his "cause" (they all have causes), he said. I told him I was willing to contribute if he would tell me more about his powers. After an hour of wandering preliminaries and mystical discussion, during which I taught him several bits of sleight of hand which I thought he might find useful, he finally passed along his secret. It was hardly worth the ten rupees it cost me.

He had just stretched a thick rope across the stream, a few inches under the surface of the muddy water. It was all a tightrope act! As soon as he was across, a hidden assistant lowered the rope to the river bottom.

How to be Buried Alive

THE legend that intrigued me the most in Banaras was the celebrated yogi feat of being buried alive. All across India I had heard stories of men who had performed it, and I'd dug into many musty libraries to learn its history. There were supposed to be several holy men in Banaras who could do it, so naturally I tried to

ferret them out. Again I succeeded, and again I was a little disappointed.

While in India I learned three basic ways to perform this feat; ways which are used by holy men who want to impress their followers.

The first, and simplest, employs a coffin with a false bottom. The fakir climbs into it in a temple, surrounded by members of his family and trusted followers who are in on the secret. The lid is nailed down amidst great ceremony and then the coffin is hauled outside to the burial grounds. During this transference his assistants crowd around it, so that it is practically hidden from view and the fakir has ample opportunity to escape through the false bottom, dressed in a robe and turban identical to those worn by his aides. He mingles briefly with them until he can slip away unnoticed. The coffin is buried in a prominent place and the fakir goes into hiding for as long as a year.

For longer burials some fakirs probably used method number two, which utilizes a tunnel, dug from the grave to some distant point. A thin wall of dirt is left between the grave and the passage. The coffin has a sliding panel through which the fakir can easily force his way.

The few fakirs who still try this now illegal burial stunt no longer use coffins. They just lay on rough boards and let the dirt be shoveled down on top of them. Their "trances" are phony. Anyone can be buried alive for a short period in this manner. But it's not much fun to lie in a filled-in grave, waiting for the worms to get you!

I know, because I tried it.

I finally managed to bribe a fakir into teaching me the secret of being buried alive. The grave used was about three and a half feet deep, the customary depths for such burials. And the soil was loose and porous. The fakirs always pick a spot where they're sure some air will be able to seep through. That is the real secret. Still, it was a frightening and lonely experience in which time stood

still, minutes seemed like hours, and my fear of suffocation and insects was almost unbearable.

There are a lot of self-styled "Saints" in India. Hundreds of shrewd fakirs and holy men hit the jackpot simply by announcing they are an incarnate god. I wasted a lot of time tracking down famous *sadhus,* cult leaders, and holy men whose only real power was the power of persuasion. It was the unknown, secretive hermits in the jungles and mountains who produced the real mysteries of India.

It's still the custom for genuine ascetics and sincere holy men to go off into the jungles by themselves to spend years as hermits, meditating, concentrating, and trying to master the full powers of their minds and frail bodies. They are not yogis. They practice strange arts far out of reach of the common yogi. Some of these men seem to have tuned their brains so sharply they can pick up the thoughts of others. Some of them may even be able to "hitch-hike" on the minds of distant people and thus see events taking place hundreds of miles from their bodies.

Normally, we use only a fraction of our brain cells, enjoying only a fraction of our real thinking potential. It's very possible these hermit *sannyasin,* sitting for years alone in jungle and mountain caves, can break through the barriers of the subconscious and achieve the ultimate in thinking power. Sightless ants are definitely known to have some silent way of communicating with each other, probably a low form of mental telepathy. If ants can do it, why can't men?

True *sannyasin* do not try to set themselves up as "living gods." They don't try to cash in on their talents and they rarely "perform" for anyone. They don't try to collect followers, or encourage local natives to support them, although most of them live by humble begging and by teaching. Unhappily, these sincere religious men are now diminishing in number. Few young men today are willing to spend years sitting alone in some old cave, trying to activate their brains.

In the jungles of India and in the mountains along the border of Tibet, I later met a number of these men. They were all old, quiet, modest and remarkable. Some of them were obvious crackpots and fanatics, but most of them were authentic. Unlike the more celebrated "living gods" who thrive on publicity, these genuine *sannyasin* are virtually inaccessible and can be met only by accident.

Calcutta's real *jadoo-wallahs* perform along the banks of the Hooghly, entertaining passers-by for the usual *baksheesh*. It was while wandering leisurely through the crowds there one hot morning that I finally found the elusive mango tree trick. Once it was part of every *jadoo-wallah's* routine, but in the late nineteenth century it spread to Europe where every western magician was soon doing it on the stage. The secret became well known and the *jadoo-wallahs* finally abandoned it, along with others, in favor of modern card tricks.

Though I knew how it was done, a fakir by the Hooghly performed it so smoothly he almost fooled me. He took a mango seed, about the size of a walnut, and worked it into the dirt. Then he built a tripod of sticks over it and covered it with a dirty cloth. A few minutes later, after doing some other tricks, he lifted the cloth and a green sprout was visibly peeping up through the soil. Within another few minutes it had grown to a tiny sprig. Finally, when he took the cloth away for one last time, it was a small bush about two feet high with three or four orangelike mangoes hanging from it!

This trick is all a matter of fast, clever manipulation. The seed is hollow and contains a rubbery sprout rolled up inside it. The other stages of "growth" are separate plants hidden in the magician's robes. In the process of covering and uncovering the "growing" tree, he deftly switches the plants. It's a hard trick to do well, and that's probably one of the reasons the *jadoo-wallahs* are giving it up. They find it easier to do crude western tricks. (Dozens of *jadoo* men, from Bombay to Calcutta, proudly showed me the old western chestnut of borrowing a bill, sealing it in an envelope, and

apparently burning it. They produce it later, unscorched, hoping you'll give it to them as a tip.)

That same morning I stumbled onto a nearly naked *sadhu* in the center of a small crowd, doing the X-ray eyes trick!

He held up a long strip of dirty orange cloth and had some spectators wind it around his head several times, blindfolding his eyes. Then he produced a black bag and passed it around. After a couple of people tried it on and agreed they couldn't see through it, he tied it over his own head.

Then he copied scratches in the dirt, identified objects held up, and did everything Chandu or Sorcar could do. This was the X-ray eyes in its most primitive form, performed by a wandering monk who claimed it as a religious gift.

After he'd finished and was grimly counting the annas in his bowl, I grabbed him and took him far aside. How much did he want for the secret? It was the holy blessing, he said. I pulled out a roll of rupees. He came down to earth fast.

He had learned it from the gods in a vision, he claimed, and it was worth at least fifty rupees. I told him visions were worth only five rupees where I came from. He decided not to degrade himself by haggling over money. He took the five and in a few rambling sentences of pidgeon English he brought my long search to an end.

The hood, he showed me, had a double lining. The inner lining was opaque. But the outer part was of a material like velvet *which could be seen through* when held close to the eyes. The two linings were not sewn together all the way around the bottom. After the spectators had tried it on to make sure it wasn't transparent, and after the blindfold was in place, the *sadhu* slipped the bag over his head *making sure he was between the inner and outer linings so his eyes faced only the transparent outer cloth.*

But the big question was: how could he see through the blindfold? How could all those other magicians see through sheet metal, bread dough, and lead foil?

The answer was: they couldn't . . . and they didn't!

The lead foil or spectacles-shaped piece of metal was placed over the bridge of the nose, on top of the cotton pads or bread dough. It was physically impossible for them to see through the lead or steel.

Once the black hood was in place over their heads, they raised their hands to their temples, apparently to adjust the hood slightly. But *actually they were boldly pushing upwards (or downwards) on the bandages under the black velvet; boldly pushing the metal or lead up to their foreheads, away from their eyes.* Then they could see because nothing was obstructing their vision except a few layers of thin gauze (you can see through up to five layers of surgical gauze), and one thickness of loosely woven black cloth.

The rest is showmanship.

In the case of bread dough, it doesn't stick to the face but to the bandages when they're shoved upwards.

When the demonstration is finished, the magician removes the hood himself, and in doing so he quickly pushes the bandages, bread dough, etc., back into place over his eyes.

By using an excess amount of bandages, by swathing the whole head with gauze, some magicians dispense with the hood altogether. In adjusting the bandages, the magician grunts: "Ouch! Be careful, don't make it too tight!" At the same time, putting his hands on the bandages and giving them a quick jerk, he pulls the obstructions away from his eyes. If there are enough bandages over his face he escapes detection.

Back in my hotel room I experimented with gauze and cotton and tried to figure out Vindar's sand method. This was easier to solve than I'd expected. I knew at the time I'd watched Vindar perform in Hyderabad that his blindfold was not really opaque. Now I realized that when I filled his deep eye sockets with sand he was bent over backwards, supposedly so the sand wouldn't spill out.

After I'd tied the blindfold around his head he stood erect. The sand must have sifted away from his eyes into the hollow

formed between the cloth and his cheeks. And when he bent forward over his son to spear the apples, all the sand fell away from his eyes and he could safely open them.

By standing erect again and shaking his head slightly, the sand fell back against his re-closed eyes. When the blindfold was removed it looked as if the sand was undisturbed.

That was the secret of the X-ray eyes!

The little *sadhu* on the banks of the Hooghly didn't know it, but for a few paltry annas daily he was performing a feat which had grossed thousands of dollars for more enterprising men, made the reputation of several Indian magicians, fooled doctors and hard-boiled newspapermen, and puzzled cautious, skeptical Robert Ripley. It was one of India's genuine "mysteries."

Inside a Lamasery

ENCOURAGED by my success with the rope trick and the X-ray eyes, I was anxious now to investigate firsthand the legendary powers of the lamas in the north, hoping to find equally simple explanations for their famous mysteries.

Approval for my Himalayan trek came through at last. The Maharajah of Sikkim had "heard" of me and granted permission for me to stay at his official guest house in Gangtok. All I had to do was find a way of getting there.

Gangtok is less than 300 miles from Lhasa, about as far out of this world as you can go these days. Chinese communists invaded Tibet in 1950 and the worried Indian government has lowered a curtain of red tape over their mountain border regions. Maps of the area have been banned. They are military secrets. Information about Sikkim is hard to find. All I knew was that it was at the foot of Mount Kanchanjanga, third highest peak in the world, and within hiking distance of Everest. I had a cheap pocket compass to show me which way North was, plus a little over two hundred

rupees for expenses. On this trip I was going to travel into a region many men dream of but few ever visit: the land of the lamas, of the "Abominable Snowman," of the world's last remaining mysteries.

This was the road to my Oz. A road peopled with dark, mysterious lamas and bright, happy, beautiful women instead of tin woodmen, brainless scarecrows, and cowardly lions. A road lifting up over orchid-laden hills, weaving through thick jungles, spanning swirling rivers spiked by the monsoons, with isolated temples decaying by the wayside next to fantastically weird paintings spattered on the sheer bald cliffs—paintings of ugly demons designed to frighten off any evil spirits which might be heading toward Gangtok.

It was a beautiful place to die.

Every few minutes I had to rest my stinging lungs and when I sat beside that road I thought about dying because in a place like that you feel closer to death, yet you are somehow closer to life, too. You are suspended somewhere between Heaven and Earth, where reality is a dream and dreams are a reality.

The road shot upward, above Gangtok, past abandoned shacks and *chortens,* joining the modern road in some places, then looping away over its own rugged course, detouring around a guarded check point, up past the dingy stone building that was the Gangtok jail, on into northern Sikkim, on to the secret monasteries, on to Lhasa.

I chuckled as I remembered what my *chowkidar* in Gangtok had told me that morning when I asked about finding a guide.

"Guide? You need no guide. Sikkim very safe. Very easy to find way. To reach lamaseries just follow old road. Very simple."

While I sat on a rock by that road, gasping from a long, hard morning of climbing, a wisp of low hanging cloud drifted off, and I saw one of those lamaseries, a somber red-roofed pimple, just above me. Its wizened face surveyed the Himalayas for a brief moment, then the clouds closed in again. I stood up, sucked in a lung-

ful of the thin air, and started up the few remaining yards. Overhead the deep gray skies growled with a threat of rain. Lightning, Sikkim's trade-mark, snapped across the horizon.

A path lined with prayer scarves led up to the lamasery from the road. Halfway down it a very short, emaciated monk was standing, waiting for me. He wore a bright orange robe and there was a big smile on his pock-marked face. He seemed to have been expecting me. I thought he must have sighted me when I was down below.

As I approached I clasped my hands together in the usual Indian greeting. He nodded, grabbed my hand and shook it enthusiastically western style. He was a deaf mute and didn't make a sound as he led me up toward the worn old building with the corners of its tile roof curling up like dragons' tongues.

Hundreds of unbathed men had been living inside the lamasery for centuries and each succeeding generation had added a little more to the filth and squalor. The smell was overwhelming, thanks to the crude sewer system; a shallow trough running along the edges of the corridors.

The place seemed deserted when we entered. Then I heard a dry, sick cough coming from far inside. As we walked along the dank, black halls we passed numerous cells and could hear low voices mumbling the eternal prayer: *"Om mani padmi hum."*

We turned a corner and started down a wide hallway lined with grotesque relics. Ancient weapons leaned against the wall and rusty tridents, such as the *sadhus* carry, lay in the dust. Along one side was a shallow shelf lined with yellow bowls, some of which still had bits of green, moldy food in them. The lamas ate out of them on special occasions. They were the upper parts of human skulls!

The whole place reeked with dreary decay. It was hard to think of it as a place of devotion and worship. Finally we came to a low, narrow door. My guide opened it, motioned for me to enter, then pulled back into the shadows. I found myself in a large room

with incense smoldering on a low altar in front of a statue of Buddha. The walls were draped with sheets of frayed old silk covered with religious symbols.

An elderly lama wearing a tight skullcap stood by a small window. He looked at me with deep, sad eyes, and his wrinkled face slowly contorted into a smile. He raised one hand like a red Indian saying "How?"

"Welcome. We have been expecting you," he said in strained English, gesturing for me to sit down.

Astonished, I squatted on a cushion on the cold, hard floor.

"Are you the Grand Lama here?" I asked.

He shook his head slowly, and sat down cross-legged on a low bench covered with a pale red cushion.

"The Grand Lama died again last year."

"Again?"

"We are waiting for him to be reincarnated. Sometimes it takes a few years. Meanwhile, I am the chief lama."

"I'm an American . . ." I began. "I'm traveling to Thangu, looking for. . . ."

"I know," he said softly, smiling. "You are a journalist, believing we lamas are mere counterparts to the fakirs in the plains below."

I gulped in amazement and fumbled automatically with my camera.

"How. . . . Have you heard of me from Gangtok?"

"We rarely hear from Gangtok." He looked at my camera. "The light here is much too dim for pictures."

I put the camera away.

The door opened and several other old lamas trooped in silently and sat around the room, their faces expressionless.

"Do you have an oracle or a sorcerer here who can perform some of the wonders I've heard about . . .?"

"You are not seeking 'wonders.' You seek answers. We have none for you here. We believe in the wonders of the human spirit,

in *tantrism*. But in the north there is a great lama who can do strange things. I myself have sat at his feet and seen him float in the air. He would like to meet you, I'm sure."

"Where in the north?"

"You must find him your own way, I'm afraid. . . ."

A young lama came in with cups of bitter tea.

"What's this lama's name?"

"He is known as Nyang-Pas. Most of his life he spends alone in the mountains. He will be hard to find."

I entered the name in my notebook, asked a few questions that drew unsatisfactory answers, then shifted the subject.

"You say you were expecting me. How?"

The old lama smiled and rose.

"Come, I'll show you."

I followed him out into the corridor, with the other lamas behind me, to a small room where several men sat in meditation, some spinning prayer wheels, others with their eyes closed and heads bowed.

"These men are in constant contact with the outside world," the lama explained. "They have mastered *linga sharrira*. They can project their minds to other places."

He tapped one of them lightly on the shoulder and asked him a question in Sikkimese. The lama blinked open his eyes and gave a long, detailed answer.

"He says he has been in the northern village of Lachen. The sun is shining and a house is on fire. The whole village is fighting to put it out."

I noted this in my pad. This was something I might be able to check on later. I did. It was true! There had been a fire that week!

"Can you teach me the principles of *linga sharrira?*" I asked eagerly.

"It would take too long. You must master the simpler steps first. These men have studied and concentrated for years."

Telepathy in Tibet

N nearly all the lamaseries I subsequently visited I found at least one lama who was practicing telepathy or *linga sharrira.* The mas were willing to discuss their practices with me, but language fficulties narrowed the scope of my findings considerably.

Actual trickery, sleight of hand, is unknown to the lamas. early all of their wonders center around the mastery of the mind id its untapped powers. Before this begins to read like one of those ls in a cheap magazine about "You can learn the wisdom of the ncients!" let me add that much of their *tantrism* is ineffectual. utosuggestion, what we call "self-hypnosis," plays a big role in eir techniques. They battle hunger and cold by telling themselves ey have feasted or that they're warm. They have strong visual naginations. When they make their lonely treks through the snows the holy places high in the mountains wearing only loin-cloths, ey don't freeze because they concentrate on fire and warmth. eir minds are so sharply keyed that their bodies warm themlves on these mental images.

Hypnotism is virtually unknown in India and the Himalayas. was always on the lookout for a native hypnotist but never succeeded in finding one. The once popular theory that the rope trick done by mass hypnosis is scientifically impossible. You can't hypotize someone against his will, without his knowing it. And if you ould do tricks with hypnotism, why stop at the rope trick? You ould make whole buildings seem to disappear!

A certain Colonel Bernard, once the Commissioner of Police n Calcutta, is supposed to have taken a picture of the rope trick, nd when the film was developed it showed the rope inert at the akir's feet, with the boy squatting beside it. I went through a lot f trouble trying to check that story but I could never find anyone n Calcutta who had even seen the picture. A hypnotist who could lo tricks in this way would certainly become world famous. Thus ar none have emerged.

However, since the lamas spend so much time meditating and digging in the recesses of their minds, self-hypnosis is a logical discovery. Western hypnotists can make their subjects believe they are being burned, and even cause their skins to blister. So it's not illogical to assume the lamas can hypnotize themselves into thinking they're warm or well fed.

It was on my return trip, after an exhausting but inconclusive encounter with the *Yeti* (the Abominable Snowman) that the great powers of the Tibetan lamas were finally revealed to me.

I had reached Singhik, less than twenty miles from Gangtok where I was resting in a bungalow from the ardours of my recent adventures, thinking of the big steak I intended to polish off in Firpo's when I reached Calcutta. A timid little lama knocked on my door.

"*Shree* Keel, you have been seeking me?" he said in perfect English.

"Who are you?" I asked blearily, surprised. He was about five feet tall, dressed in a thick woolen robe with a hood pulled over his head, almost covering his wrinkled, pocked face.

"I am Nyang-Pas."

I snapped out of my lethargy and jumped up.

"I'll say I've been seeking you! How did you find me?"

"It was easy. Your trail is wide." He smiled. He acted very shy, almost embarrassed; the mark of a man who spends most of his life alone.

I asked him to sit down in a chair but he preferred to squat cross-legged on the floor.

"I'm not used to chairs," he explained.

"I have been watching your progress . . ." he continued.

"How? Through *linga sharrira?*" I asked.

He smiled again.

"I see you have learned something here."

I offered him a cup of instant coffee. He took one sip, shuddered, and gulped the whole thing down like a glass of bad whisky

During the next hour we talked about Sikkim and the lamaseries and Tibet. He said he was originally from Tibet, and now spent his life alone in the hills of Bhutan and Sikkim, searching for the "right ways."

"They tell me you're a great *Siddha,*" I said at last.

He wrinkled his brows and looked down at the floor.

"No . . . no, I am just a simple lama. What you mean is that I'm a magician. I am not. I only practice the teachings of my religion."

I described the mysterious seance at Changthang, and my experiences with the telepathic lamas.

"Those are primitive things," he said with disdain. "Our teachings go beyond such crude things."

"Can you show me something . . . teach me something. . . ."

"It would take you a lifetime of solitude . . . but perhaps. . . ." He scrutinized me thoughtfully. "Perhaps I can introduce you to the principles. . . ."

He struggled to his feet, pressed one hand on the top of his stick, a heavy branch about four feet long, frowned a little with effort, and then *slowly lifted his legs up off the floor until he was sitting cross-legged in the air!*

There was nothing behind him or under him. His sole support was his stick, which he seemed to use to keep his balance. I was astounded.

"Can you teach me this?" I asked hopefully.

"No . . . it is not something you can learn overnight. It is a matter of will."

He conducted the rest of our conversation sitting there in empty space.

"But there are other things . . . basic things . . . for example . . . think of an object . . . some common thing you might find here in Sikkim. Try to clear your mind of all other thoughts and concentrate on that one object."

I thought of a tree. He gazed deep into my eyes and smiled.

"That is too easy. You're thinking of a tree. Try something difficult."

Astonished, I silently focused my mind on a pair of felt Tibetan boots.

"Now you are thinking of a pair of boots," he declared.

"But how . . ." I began. "Can you teach me to do *that?*"

"No. I can't teach you. You must learn it for yourself with practice. After you've mastered it you can go on to more difficult things and perhaps one day become a *linga sharrira.*"

His instructions were as simple as the nonsense the fakirs of Banaras had given me, but in this case they worked! First, he said, I had to cleanse my mind of all thoughts and concentrate entirely on my subject. If the subject is a reasonably intelligent person, able to visualize strongly the object he is thinking of, an image of that object would pop into my mind. In most cases I would see several different objects but I should seize upon the first one. It was as uncomplicated as that.

(After I left Sikkim, I made it a policy to try this on everyone I met. For a long time it was sheer guesswork and I was always wrong. But recently I've been getting surprising results. Unfortunately, however, few people are good subjects. They are unable to concentrate properly, they don't take the experiment seriously, or they are so skeptical they have a mental block which prevents them from projecting a thought. Disciplined people with a higher education, such as doctors, military men, and newspapermen, are impossible subjects. Sensitive people like actors, artists, and poets, people with strong visual imaginations, make the best subjects.)

The object must be *visualized.* Words can't be intercepted by a novice telepath. And disciplined people tend to think more in words than in images. They might think: "A purple cow wearing a green brassiere." It is impossible for a novice to pick up such a thought. But if they merely visualize a cow in their minds, the novice might be able to catch it.

According to Nyang-Pas, the technique for *linga sharrira* is

equally simple. You just need to relax completely, concentrating on a road you know well. Follow that road mentally, visualizing every detail, until you reach a point where your personal knowledge ends. Then try to continue beyond that point. If the experiment succeeds, and it probably won't, you can see things, places, and people beyond the scope of your knowledge, and events happening at the moment of the experiment.

This takes a very high form of concentration, separating mental vision from the body, and though there are authenticated cases of it in the West (where it is known as projection of an etheric double), it remains primarily a mystery of the lamas.

Their other mysteries aren't so readily explainable. Some lamas, called *lung-gumpas,* practice the art of traveling with the speed of wind. Others are supposed to be able to create objects, animals, and ghosts (*tulpas*) through concentration. This is probably another form of autosuggestion. The lama concentrates, telling himself he is going to produce the image of a god, say, and after awhile he believes he actually sees one.

One lama told me the way to vanish into thin air is to make the mind a complete blank. (If this is true, then I know several people who should have disappeared long ago.) He didn't say how to reappear.

These were the chief things Nyang-Pas and I talked about. He convinced me that there are many powers and mysteries of the mind which we skeptical westerners will never be able to penetrate or utilize.

When he climbed down from his perch in space he wished me luck, gave me advice about my health, and promised me good fortune. I begged him to stay with me, to accompany me to Gangtok, but he said:

"It's too big a place for me. I am a solitary man, *Shree* Keel."

He walked to the door.

"I hope I have answered some of your questions. And I hope you will never stop asking questions."

"Is there any way I can find you again . . . if I come back?" I asked.

"If you come back, I will find *you*."

Those were his last words. He turned and started off through the fog, the orchids, and the heaps of bare rocks. A cold wind swept over me and sent me back to the blazing fireplace. We'd talked for about two hours. God only knows how far he had traveled to spend those two hours with me. ■ ■ ■

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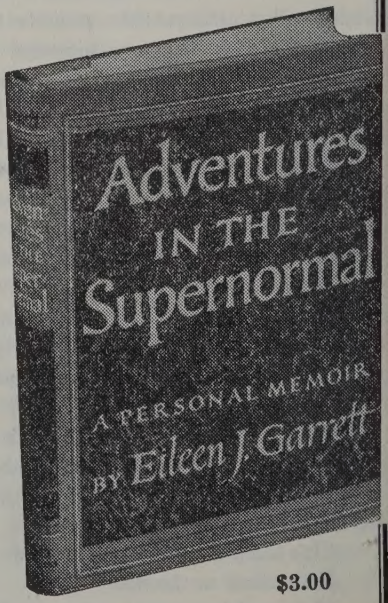

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There are cases on record of these possessions taking on epidemic form. Human skill is such that it adapts itself easily to the counterfeiting of all kinds of expressions. I have met people in everyday life who can give dramatic expression of mental frenzies and pain. Often a sensitive physician or even a surgeon may find the body's need to undergo these manifestations. All these obsessions, whether they be of haunting or poltergeist variety, with their many feats of mystification, do demand serious attention, but not of the dramatic kind. Mostly they betoken a deep neurosis, or they may be impelled by vanity or the cunning impulses of the adolescent, who would get even with his world.

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